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DR. MORITZ BUSCH'S "Secret Pages" of Bismarckian history have aroused, as might have been expected, intense interest all the world over. The interest is, however, mainly of the political and personal kind. Everybody is anxious to know how Bismarck, and his more important contemporaries, associates, and opponents stand in the light of Dr. Busch's revelations. In these pages we look at a book of this kind from the literary, rather than the historical, standpoint. We open Dr. Busch's volumes to find, not so much whether established opinions on, let us say, the origin of the Franco-German War, or the *Dreikaiserbund*, are justified, as to discover whether another great figure has been added to the portrait-gallery of literature. We are concerned with Dr. Busch as well as with Prince Bismarck. Has the biographer so fulfilled his task as to fix his subject permanently before posterity? Has he described the acts and words of Bismarck so that those will read about them who care nothing for his policies? Bismarck has his place, greater or less, in history; but has Dr. Busch so "placed" him in literature that men will be interested in him, when the German Confederation is as dead as the Achaian League, and the battle of Sadowa a memory like the Battle of Lepanto?

These questions must be regretfully answered in the negative. Dr. Busch has not risen to the height of his opportunities. Whatever he has done, or left undone, for his dead Chief, he has added nothing to the literary art of the world. His book will continue, for some time, to have its value for the conscientious journalist, who writes the "leaders" on foreign politics; and it will be used copiously, though carefully, by the real biographer of Bismarck, when that person shall appear. For the rest of us, when once we have looked it through to see what scandals it contains and what it has omitted, and what light it throws on the piquant personalities and interesting episodes of our

time, it will slumber on the top shelves, alongside of Coxe's *House of Austria* and unreadable *Memoires pour servir*. Hasty reviewers have spoken of Dr. Busch as Bismarck's Boswell. But every inquisitive admirer, who follows a great man about with a note-book, is not able to turn out a Boswell's Johnson as the result. Dr. Busch has a few of the characteristics of the Laird of Auchinleck. He wrote up his diaries with determined industry, he was zealous and even sedulous in the search for information concerning his hero, very curious, obtrusive, and self-important; it was difficult to snub him, and not at all easy to check his occasional impertinences. Like Bozzy he is naively conceited; and he was never so happy as when he was figuring beside Bismarck on some public occasion. But it was not alone such qualities as these which enabled Boswell to produce his masterpiece. Macaulay, it is true, thought it was his vanity, his weakness, and his folly which made James Boswell the greatest of biographers. Carlyle, and Dr. Birkbeck Hill, and Mr. Leslie Stephen, with deeper insight, have opposed this view. Boswell with all his defects had genius—the genius for selection, for arrangement, for seizing the essential traits and lines which were necessary to compose his portrait, and to reject the superfluous. Moreover, he had humour and dramatic power, and the talent for discriminating character, and a really astonishing literary art. If he succeeded, where so many have failed, it was because he was most exceptionally equipped for his work. A study of most other writers who have tried to "Boswellise" great men, tends chiefly to an increased admiration for the author who alone has practised the method to complete perfection.

The failure of Dr. Busch is a proof of the small importance of subject, so far as literature is concerned, compared with treatment. Instead of occasional meetings with an elderly man of letters in London coffee-houses and dining-rooms, Dr. Busch was for twenty-five years in close, sometimes in daily, at times in hourly, association, with pretty nearly the most conspicuous personage of the latter half of the nineteenth century. We may admire Bismarck, or we may hate him; we may even, after turning over some of Dr. Busch's pages, be inclined to despise him. But there can be no question that this Brandenburg giant, with his ultra-Teutonic brutality, his Gallic nimbleness of mind and tongue, and his Italian subtlety in intrigue, with his stormy passions, his colossal egoism, his moods of depression and religious exaltation, and his dyspeptic outbursts of temper, was a profoundly interesting personality. Nor does his environment lack anything of picturesqueness and colour. The life-drama of Bismarck was enacted on a field of Napoleonic magnitude. States and kingdoms were the stakes for which he played; kings, and princesses, and colossal armies, the pawns and pieces on his chess-board. What might a Carlyle or a Taine have made of the chapters of history which Dr. Busch, with his ready ink-horn and fluently servile pen, was helping in his own small fashion to indite! He was, it is true, only the

hero's literary and journalistic valet; but a valet who waited on his master through some stupendous episodes.

As it is, Dr. Busch has given us no properly composed or coherent picture at all. He has simply emptied out his note-books of most of the entries made during a quarter of a century. The result is that isolated items of information of considerable value are found amid the waste of memoranda, conversations, letters, and drafts of newspaper articles. But the man himself eludes us, and the setting is fragmentary and bald. Really the best part of the book is that which Dr. Busch has given us long ago in a less pretentious form: the account of *Bismarck und seine Leute* in the Franco-German War. Here, in the rough intimacy of the campaign and the march, Dr. Busch saw the great man at very close quarters indeed, and his diaries contain a few capital bits of character-sketching, in which not only Bismarck, but his biographer, are excellently touched in. There is much unconscious humour in the busy little secretary's account of how he contrived, on one occasion, to get a seat in the Chancellor's own carriage when he was driving out to join the headquarters staff. Soldiers and officers, of course, saluted copiously as the carriage passed, and the salutations were returned not more punctually and graciously by the Minister than by his amanuensis; until at length the former explained that it was his General's uniform, not his Ministerial office, that was being honoured in the salutes, and that perhaps some military pedant might object to their acknowledgment by a civilian. Subsequently, at Sedan, Dr. Busch, finding himself in close proximity to the general staff, was dogmatising on military matters to one of the officers of the Royal Guard, when Bismarck called him up and told him not to speak so loudly, or the king might want to know the name of so great a strategist. As far as regards his literary fame, Dr. Busch would have done better to allow it to rest on his two former and slighter Bismarck publications—that which we have just referred to, and the one translated into English under the title of *Our Chancellor* some years ago. All that is most life-like, and most veracious in his treatment of the statesman is to be found there.

But it was only in the French campaign, and occasionally in his later years at Friedrichsruh and Varzen, that Dr. Busch got glimpses of Bismarck *intime*—Bismarck with his gloves off, unhelmeted and unplastroned. Otherwise, and during the greater part of their association, it must be recollected that the secretary only visited the statesman for a particular purpose. Dr. Busch was formally introduced into the Chancellor's service to be his intermediary with the Reptile press, and his manipulator of the press that declined to be reptilian, but was still open to be cajoled, misled, and bamboozled in various ways. Busch had to make up sham letters from Paris in the character of a cynical Frenchman (Bismarck tells him not to be too serious or logical lest the German authorship of the communications might be suspected), he had to fill the journals with libels on Bismarck's enemies ("Remember

the Press laws and do not be too venomous," said "the Chief"), and he had to palm off upon respectable editors, like those of some of the English newspapers, carefully garbled or falsified *communiqués*, and do other dirty work of the kind. Dr. Busch is not at all ashamed of the functions he fulfilled. He is much too proud to have been of the Bismarckian *Maison du Roi* to be particular about the precise nature of the duties he performed. But it must always be remembered that it was the baser side of his mind and his policy which the Chancellor was constantly engaged in exhibiting to this accommodating retainer. The book is a painful record of brutality, duplicity, and unscrupulous cunning. The story of Bismarck's relations with his personal and political rivals, with the old Emperor himself, with the Empress Frederick and her husband, and the "English" faction generally, reads like a bad chapter torn out of the secret history of the courts and cabinets of the eighteenth century. There is much in it that can no more be condoned than the cynical craft of Frederick the Great or the wickedness of Catherine the Second. But bad as it all is, it looks worse than the reality in Dr. Busch's pages. The doctor, as Bismarck himself said, seems to take a malignant delight in exhibiting human nature in its more discreditable aspects. And of all that was discreditable in Bismarck he was an expert, a past master. The trickery, the malignity, the contempt of truth, were disclosed to him, calmly and in the way of business, several times a week. The nobler sides of the great man were not often displayed to this subordinate minister of deception. Neither the whole Bismarck, nor the better Bismarck, was known to one who saw him so often at his worst.

Yet Dr. Busch tells us that his portrait is painted and published by permission of the sitter. Bismarck, though he understood Dr. Busch's character, and could not be ignorant of the unfavourable light in which he had presented himself most often to his press secretary, gave permission to the latter—so we are told—to make public all the materials in his possession. "Little Busch," he thought, was the man to tell the world the truth about him. He suggested that he would not like the process performed till long after he was dead; but Dr. Busch hinted that he should publish his documents very soon after the grave had closed over his patron, and the patron, by his silence, even gave consent to that speedy disinterment of his remains.

We have Dr. Busch's authority for all this, and we must take it that so faithful an admirer has convinced himself that he is acting in accordance with his former master's wishes. But it must be confessed that Bismarck's attitude in the matter is hard to explain, unless we suppose that, in the fulness of his superb belief in himself and his own methods, he was contemptuously indifferent to the effect which the disclosure of his subterranean intrigues might produce on posterity. At any rate his fame will owe little to the writer who has given to the world this singularly incomplete, ill-digested, and inconsistent, account of him.

GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

Northward over the Great Ice: a Narrative of Life and Work along the Shores and upon the Interior Ice-cap of Northern Greenland in the Years 1886 and 1891-97. By Robert E. Peary. With Maps, Diagrams, and about 800 Illustrations. (Methuen & Co.)

UNTIL last year the name of Lieut. Peary was vaguely known to British geographers in connexion with some rather indefinite researches about the northern end of Greenland (on which his wife accompanied him), and the acquisition, at a high price as it seemed, of some very large meteorites from the neighbourhood of Cape York. When he delivered his lecture, therefore, before the Geographical Society, in the theatre of London University, it came upon his audience with some sensation of surprise to find that Lieut. Peary had been pursuing from the first a definite coherent scheme of exploration, and that he had contributions of real importance to make to the geography and ethnography of the Arctic regions. The effect may have been enhanced by the charm of a highly finished literary style, and the exhibition of a series of photographic lantern slides, which for number and brilliance of detail were far in advance of anything else that has been done in those extreme latitudes. These facts are enough to ensure an interested welcome for the handsome pair of volumes just published, the first and only record, so Mr. Peary assures us, of his Arctic work.

Greenland, which Lieut. Peary fancifully describes as the pendant in a necklace of snow and ice, stretching southward over the swelling bosom of the earth, is computed to have an area of 750,000 square miles, and consists of a mountainous country buried hundreds or thousands of feet deep beneath a vast cap of frozen snow and ice, filling all the valleys and burying the peaks. The "wind that blows between the spheres" nips not more keenly than that which, according to the explorer, is everlastingly driving over this vast Sahara of snow, charged with biting particles of drift. Of visible land there is nothing but a seaward strip twenty-five miles wide, stretching at points to sixty or even eighty. Yet in spite of its disadvantages the country has a history:

"Nine hundred years ago, Erik, an Iceland outlaw, discovered Greenland, and gave it its name, 'because,' he said, 'people would sooner be induced to go thither in case it had a good name.' Shrewd old land agent! From the colony founded by him, his son Lief and other restless spirits sallied forth to the discovery of the new world. Centuries after, from those iceberg-haunted seas went forth, it is said, a gleaming pile of walrus tusks, tribute for the Crusades. Then a hostile fleet descended upon the colonies, and ravished away many of the inhabitants to replace those carried off by the plague, or 'black death,' in Europe. Strange anomaly—Greenland repopulating Europe! Finally, the last of the shipmasters who knew the route to Greenland were assassinated by German merchants, and in the fifteenth century Greenland dropped out of the world and was absolutely forgotten."

Greenland was re-discovered a century later by Davis, and is to-day inhabited chiefly by Danes, with the exception of a

small, but remarkable, colony of "Innuits" dwelling by the shore of Melville Bay, on whom the explorer depended for much necessary assistance in his hunting and boating expeditions, and whom, in return, he has raised to some pitch of affluence and civilisation. It is in connexion with this tribe that Lieut. Peary has done the most important part of his ethnographical work, having not only made extensive photographic studies of types and physical development, but having even compiled a census by name of the whole tribe, with whom he is on terms of the most pleasant companionship. Lowest in the whole human scale, as judged by their possessions, and destitute of organisation, Sir Clements Markham has come to the conclusion that they have probably migrated across the Pole from Siberia under stress of some ancient Tartar invasion. These are the people whose ancestors made chip knives from the great iron meteorites, or "Saviksue," at Cape York, which Ross heard of on his famous voyage, but which it was left for Lieut. Peary actually to discover and to bring away. A large portion of the present narrative, including a detailed appendix, deals with the expedition in search of these meteorites, and the enormous effort required to secure the largest of them, weighing ninety tons, for which a special ship was chartered in 1896.

One of the distinguishing, and not the least honourable, features of Lieut. Peary's Arctic work is that it has been carried out almost entirely by his own resources, or with money raised by his own personal efforts. In the furtherance of his project, once he had started on it, and despite the cruellest failures, he took up lecturing, canvassed his friends, and even on one occasion turned his ship into a "show," an indignity which still seems to rankle. Mrs. Peary, who stands alone as the one woman Arctic explorer, and who has even faced the perils of motherhood in those trying latitudes, helped to raise the wind by publishing a small volume of their adventures. In this way a creditable programme of work has been carried out, including—(1) a summer voyage and reconnaissance of the Greenland ice in 1886; (2) a thirteen months' sojourn in Northern Greenland, during which Lieut. Peary made a 1,200 miles' journey with sledges across the ice-cap to the other side, and determined the insularity of the continent, 1891-92; (3) a twenty-five months' sojourn, including a second journey of 1,200 miles, and the discovery of the meteorites, 1893-95; (4) summer voyages to Cape York in 1896 and 1897, mainly for the purpose of recovering the meteorites.

The narrative of these various expeditions is given in considerable detail, sometimes to an unnecessary and wearisome extent. Little points which may well have engraved themselves on the traveller's memory are not always suitable for recording or calculated to interest a reader. Still, there is enough of real interest in the book to excuse this. As a record of dogged determination and perseverance, in face of simply crushing misfortunes, there is nothing in Arctic history to beat it. Nansen's trip, barring

the sledge journey, was a pleasure excursion compared with Peary's marches across the ice-cap, in the coldest climate to be found anywhere; in the face of equinoctial gales and storms that broke up his equipment; harassed by the disablement of his companions, by the loss of his dogs from disease, by flood-waves that destroyed his boats and washed away his stores, by almost every conceivable disaster and disappointment that one can picture. The tale reads like a long confession of failure, yet underlying it, or rather outcropping from it, are solid results here and there which may have justified all the struggle. On this question of the cost of the candle Lieut. Peary is frank. He admits a sporting love for the game, and at once wins his way to our sympathies. A reasoned apology would have won but a shake of the head; pluck and determination not to be beaten are things we can appreciate, and Lieut. Peary disarms us farther by pointing to the long history of British exploration of which we are so proud, and asking where are the tangible results. In the matter of methods, each Arctic explorer probably has his own ideas. Lieut. Peary claims to have originated some now generally accepted ideas, among which is the notion of using up the dogs themselves as dog food, killing off the weaker ones as the loads on the sledges become reduced. The acme of economy, he contends, is reached when the journey is finished with one dog, who has eaten all the others. It was on this principle that the long sledge journeys over the ice-cap were carried out, and on one occasion the limit of maximum economy was actually reached. But the explorers themselves came near to exceeding it in regard to their own provisions, and but for a timely find of musk-oxen must have perished in the very moment of success. Men who stay at home may not be tempted to grudge Lieut. Peary the wanderings and hardships he so graphically describes; but many might envy him the moment of accomplishment, when he stood, like Cortes, on the northern shore of Greenland, and surveyed a sea which never had been broached by man. Here is his description of the final climb:

"Eagerly we climbed the ragged slope, over ragged rocks and through drifts of heavy, wet snow. The summit was reached. A few steps more, and the rocky plateau on which we stood dropped in a giant iron wall, that would grace the Inferno, 3,800 feet to the level of the bay below us. We stood upon the north-east coast of Greenland; and, looking far off over the surface of a mighty glacier on our right and through the broad mouth of the bay, we saw stretching away to the horizon the great ice-fields of the Arctic Ocean. From the edge of the towering cliff on which we stood, and in the clear light of the brilliant summer day, the view that spread away before us was magnificent beyond description. Silently Astrup and myself took off our packs and seated ourselves upon them to fix in memory every detail of the never-to-be-forgotten scene before us. All our fatigues of six weeks' struggle over the ice-cap were forgotten in the grandeur of that view."

For reasons of copyright, Lieut. Peary's book has been printed in America. It is very heavy, and is loaded with illustrations,

many of which could well have been spared, especially as they are rather "fuzzy," and do anything but justice to the beautiful lantern slides which were shown at the Geographical Society's meeting. No defects, however, can prevent the book from becoming what it has every right to be, a standard work on the exploration and geography of the great ice wilderness of the north.

FOR SERIOUS STUDENTS.

Introduction to the Study of History. By Ch. V. Langlois and Ch. Seignobos, of the Sorbonne. Translated by G. G. Berry. With a Preface by F. York Powell. (Duckworth & Co.)

THIS is a book for serious students of history, or for those who would know how serious students work. It is an introduction not to history—that is to say, it is not a *résumé* of the principal turning-points in the progress of the world—but to the work of the professed historian. The authors themselves describe their book as "an essay on the method of the historical sciences." Attempts to teach the historian the rules of his craft have not been unknown. The general public would gain little information from the enumeration of foreign books; but Freeman's *Methods of Historical Study* was a comparatively late attempt. This did a useful work in giving the ordinary reader an insight into the thoroughness of modern historical methods; but it was too slight and its teaching too obvious to give much help to the aspiring tyro. The most complete treatise on what may be called "historical methodology" is Dr. Bernheim's *Lehrbuch der Historischen Methode*, of which a second edition was published in 1894. But it does not appear to have been translated into either French or English, and it is much concerned with metaphysical problems for which our authors show a wholesome, if somewhat hasty, contempt. It is these considerations which have induced two distinguished teachers and historical workers to elaborate the lectures to their own students into a book which may be useful to the general public. French historical methods are so far ahead of our own that we need not be ashamed to accept from the other side of the Channel a work which conceivably indeed might have been compiled in England, but which is more naturally the outcome of the spirit which animates the students of France and Germany. The translator deserves the warmest thanks of all those interested in genuine learning, both for forcing the book into the notice of the English reading public by giving it an English dress, and also for the excellent way in which his own share of the work has been done. Only once or twice was the meaning of a sentence not clear at the first reading; it is comparatively seldom that the French original forces itself on the reader's notice. Mr. Berry has been content merely to reproduce in his own tongue the meaning of his authors. It is a commendable modesty that has restrained him, however great his own qualifications, from adding remarks or references of his own.

Prof. York Powell has so recently been upholding before the Royal Historical Society the need for specialist training in England on the lines of the French *Ecole des Chartes*, that there is a peculiar fitness in his standing godfather to this little volume on its introduction to an English public.

Such a critical analysis of method as is here portrayed would have been impossible half a century ago. History was regarded as a branch of polite literature—picturesque effect rather than truth of actual fact was the aim of the historian. But the critical methods of the scholar and the analytical methods of the student of natural science have been adapted by the students of human history, and it would not be too much to say that the whole craft of the historian has been revolutionised. Witness, for example, the strict canons laid down by M. Langlois, who is responsible for the earlier chapters of the book, for the criticism and interpretation of historical documents of all sorts. The severity of these critical tests alone must separate the work of the historian from that of the scholar; and yet the whole burden of the book is the absolute need of trustworthy texts before the historian can get to work at all. Untrustworthy texts of ancient documents are worse than useless, for the historian has then to do the scholar's work as well as his own. This involves a knowledge of palaeography, and perhaps of philology. Even these would be more efficient instruments in the hands of professional experts. But what are we to say about the need of any further special knowledge for the would-be historian? If he is not a mere man of letters, but a scientific student, he must undergo some special training. In what should this consist? Freeman rode the hobby of thoroughness a little too hard when he suggested that the historian should know everything. Our authors more discreetly point out that the knowledge required by an historian of what have been called "auxiliary sciences," but many of which are not sciences at all, must depend on his special line of study. Palaeography is useless to the annalist of the French Revolution, Greek to the French mediævalist.

So far, we have been dealing with the actual text of historical documents. Equal difficulties are presented by their interpretation. And here our authors give the budding historian the disheartening injunction that he must "begin by doubting." There is the shrewdest wisdom in the remark that the use of the word "authentic" "has reference to the origin only, not to the contents; to say that a document is authentic is to say that its origin is certain, not that its contents are free from error." Equally shrewd is the caution, relegated to a note, that "what is called a 'first-hand document' is nearly always composed in part of second-hand statements about facts of which the author had no personal knowledge," and that therefore "the distinction of first or second-hand should be applied, not to documents, but to statements." Such observations are of the utmost utility as safeguards against confused thinking. They enable us to estimate evidence at its proper

value. For the critical tests which our authors would have us apply to the statements of historical documents, we must go to the book itself. The result of their application sounds sufficiently discouraging. When the historian has applied every preliminary test, and is ready to begin his constructive work, this is the utmost he can boast of—facts which he did not see, described in language which does not permit him to represent them in his mind with exactness. How can such knowledge form the groundwork of an exact science? The answer to this question is, perhaps, the least satisfactory part of the book. The authors do not deign to discuss the "childish" question whether history is a science or an art. Of course it is a science, and in the analytical part of the book nothing could be more strictly scientific than the method employed for obtaining the very negative results arrived at. But when the question is of co-ordinating these facts, we are warned that history cannot imitate the method of the biological sciences, for one cannot apply to an "intellectual analysis of subjective impressions the rules which govern the real analysis of real objects." That may be, although it seems to be begging the important question of "reality." But it is eminently unsatisfactory to be told that history "becomes an application of the descriptive sciences which deal with humanity, descriptive psychology, sociology, or social science," and that the, as yet imperfect, establishment of these sciences retards the establishment of history. Certainly, sociology has as yet to vindicate its title to be reckoned among the sciences. Even the more restricted study of anthropology, despite the great names behind it, has scarcely made its way into the charmed circle. If history is to be placed in the same category with sociology its character, as a science, still remains to be established. What the writers, perhaps, fail to appreciate is this—that, however much the labour of the historian may be indebted to that of the antiquarian specialist, his own work must needs be essentially literary—in other words, that history must always remain a branch of literature. The investigations of natural science may at any moment result in some discovery of practical import, for they deal with the world as it is. On the other hand, the historian's field is the world as it was; and, however important morally it may be to attain in any branch of study to "knowledge pure and simple," if that knowledge is not going to affect life or conduct, but to be chiefly "an instrument of intellectual culture," the form which it takes and the vogue which it will obtain will be primarily of the literary order. And if this is so, even legends have their historical value, and the manipulation of historical facts to prove the guidance of Providence, the progress of civilisation, or the mission of a given people, will never cease to have attraction and even use for human minds and morals. We are grateful to the authors for what they have done. With the analytical portion of their book we are in complete accord, but their vindication of the strictly scientific claims of historical study has not borne conviction to our mind.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Anglo-Saxon Superiority: to What it is Due.
By Edmond Demolins. Translated from the Tenth French Edition. (The Leadenhall Press.)

A quoi tient la Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons.
Par Edmond Demolins. Dixième Mille. (Paris: Maison Didot.)

THE superiority of the Anglo-Saxon over his neighbours, of the British lion over the Gallic cock, is so gracefully, if sorrowfully, acknowledged by M. Demolins that we hasten to confess our inferiority in one respect at least. We generally turn out much uglier books. Here are two editions of the same work, one in French (3 fr. 50 c.) and one in English (3s. 6d.), and a comparison is not agreeable to our well-known self-complacency as a nation. The English translation appears in all the glory of a cloth binding: it is indisputably a cheaper article, but it is ugly. It is too fat to hold with comfort; it will not stay open unless you break its back. Its tasteless drab cover would make the countrymen of M. Demolins shudder. Over against it we have the French original, pleasant to hold and pleasant to see, with nice type and paper, and a charming little tinted map on the paper cover. Having got over this preliminary lament over Anglo-Saxon inferiority, we hasten to add that in other respects the English edition is quite adequate. M. Lavigne's translation is generally satisfactory and always intelligible, though "inferiorly" is a curious adverb. M. Demolins has written a special introduction for English readers, in which he expounds luminously and well the various elements which have gone to make up what we call "England," the Saxons and Celts, the Angles, the Normans, the Danes, and the rest. And as a perusal of the work will be as wholesome for English readers as it could be for French ones, we welcome it cordially even in its somewhat unattractive English dress.

That a Frenchman should have the courage to put forth a book declaring, by its very title, the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon over the Latin races is a very interesting fact. That his book should have been received not merely with respect but actually with favour by the Parisian world of letters, and that ten thousand copies of it should have been sold in six months, is certainly not less interesting. Anglomania—we use the word in no insulting sense—has always had its votaries in France and, indeed, on the Continent generally, but a year ago one might have supposed that Chauvinism and the Dual Alliance had left Paris no time to weigh Anglo-Saxon merits (such as they are) with either good sense or candour. M. Demolins seems to have judged his countrymen differently, and the success of his book proves him to have been right. The book is a curious one, and will both amuse and instruct its English readers. Its author (who is a zealous student of social questions and the editor of *La Science Sociale*, a monthly review devoted to their discussion) traces Anglo-Saxon superiority, in the first place, to our educational system. Wellington, we know, did not say that Waterloo was won

on the Playing Fields at Eton, but M. Demolins does. Only, paradoxical as it may seem, it is not the Playing Fields of Eton, but the playgrounds of two obscure schools in Derbyshire and Sussex, in which the battles of our race are really won. Indeed, our great public schools, in which we all trust, and our Board schools, which are the pet and pride of the Radical party, are not even noticed by M. Demolins, who reserves his enthusiasm for the two educational establishments above mentioned, and the "University Extension" (!)—which "gives horribly to think," as our author would say.

But though M. Demolins has apparently a somewhat mistaken view of the importance of Abbotsholme School and its kindred establishment, and even perhaps of the splendours of University Extension and the Edinburgh "Summer Meeting," he has none the less, as regards education, got successfully to the root of the matter. French schools, he says, are adapted solely for turning out Government officials and small functionaries. Their aim is to teach their pupils how to pass the examination which leads to a public appointment. The multiplying of officials in France causes all the best of the nation to look to an official career for maintenance and employment. English schools, on the contrary (according to M. Demolins), are adapted for turning out not officials but Men. This, in spite of the modern mania for competitive examinations in England, strikes us as an entirely sound criticism, and it is a proof of our author's sagacity that he should have realised it so clearly. What M. Demolins has not realised is that the tendency of modern England is to fall into precisely the same blunder which has told so heavily on the France of to-day. We, too, have been smitten with the mania (for it is nothing less) for competitive examinations. The Army, the Navy, the Indian and Home Civil Services, &c., &c., are all its victims. If our author had perceived this he would probably have seen reason to doubt whether the Anglo-Saxon was quite the clear-sighted creature in educational matters which he depicts him. Furthermore, had M. Demolins visited India he would have found his admired Anglo-Saxons, at vast expense, setting up an educational system which produces precisely the same defects which he notes in the France of to-day. He would have found in India the same multitude of young men being educated with only one career in view—namely, a small post in a Government office. He would have found the same contempt, fostered by a vicious system of education, for manual labour, agriculture, or commerce, the same dangerous number of *déclassés* recruited from those natives who have failed in the competition for official appointments. We greatly fear that the Anglo-Saxon of to-day is perilously near the time when he may cease to deserve the many kind things which M. Demolins has to say about him. *Cram* ("cram") is, alas! by no means confined to France, or why did Mr. Wren, during his lifetime, flourish so exceedingly?

We have not space here to treat of the many interesting points raised by M.

Demolins in the course of his book, and can only indicate briefly what these are in order that our readers may be tempted thereby to study the book for themselves. Besides the account of French and English education mentioned above, we have a very interesting (and extremely amusing) survey of German education as conceived by the German Emperor and King of Prussia. The bitter irony with which M. Demolins demolishes that scheme is one of the most effective things in the book. Then we have a chapter on French education as it should be, and one on the French population question full of wisdom and statistics, a rare combination. The characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon and his life are suggestively discussed and illustrated, and then follows an extremely valuable chapter contrasting *Le Personnel Politique* of England and France. After this a series of aspects of public life in the two countries are examined, and an appendix gives a most interesting collection of criticisms of the work gathered from the French press. The book should be read and pondered by everyone who has the true interests of "Panglosaxonism" (to coin a portmanteau word) at heart.

THE PIPE AND THE MUSE.

Lyra Nicotiana. Edited by W. G. Hutchinson. "Canterbury Poets" Series. (Walter Scott.)

ALTHOUGH the stimulus and friend of many a poet, tobacco has, we may say at starting, inspired little good verse in praise of itself. These lyrics of pipe and cigar, snuff and cigarette, are for the most part very trifling affairs. Good smokers do not talk about tobacco, much less rhyme. A pipe is poem enough. There are, of course, exceptions, such as Mr. Lowell and Mr. Henley and Mr. Leland, but in the main it is the enthusiastic but inexperienced young who hymn the weed. Tobacco makes for reticence, for contemplation. Tobacco is an Oriental, grave and sedentary, silent and content. This little book is a piece of Western restlessness and frivolity.

The best thing in it is undoubtedly Mr. Henley's rondeau, "If I were King":

"If I were king, my pipe should be premier.
The skies of time and chance are seldom clear,
We would inform them all with bland blue weather.
Delight alone would need to shed a tear,
For dream and deed should war no more together.
Art should aspire, yet ugliness be dear;
Beauty, the shaft, should speed with wit for feather;
And love, sweet love, should never fall to sere,

If I were king.

But politics should find no harbour near;
The Philistine should fear to slip his tether;
Tobacco should be duty free, and beer;
In fact, in room of this, the age of leather,
An age of gold all radiant should appear,
If I were king."

Less well known, but not much less excellent, is the same poet's "Inter Sodales":

"Over a pipe the Angel of Conversation
Loosens with glee the tassels of his purse,
And, in a fine spiritual exaltation,
Hastens, a very spendthrift, to disburse
The coins new minted of imagination.

An amiable, a delicate animation
Informs our thought, and earnest we rehearse
The sweet old farce of mutual admiration
Over a pipe.

Heard in this hour's delicious divagation,
How soft the song! the epigram how terse!
With what a genius for administration
We rearrange the rambling universe,
And map the course of man's regeneration,
Over a pipe!

Both these poems, by the way, are more than twenty years old. Mr. Henley is represented in all by eight pieces, seven of which specifically belaud the pipe, a meerschaum for preference. It is, therefore, a little odd to find him figuring in the frontispiece with a cigarette between his fingers. Mr. Lowell also praised the meerschaum:

"The pipe came safe, and welcome too,
As anything must be from you;
A meerschaum pure, 'twould float as light
As she the girls call Amphitrite.
Mixture divine of foam and clay,
From both it stole the best away:
Its foam is such as crowns the glow
Of beakers brimmed by Veuve Clicquot;
Its clay is but congested lymph
Jove chose to make some choicer nymph;
And here combined—why, this must be
The birth of some enchanted sea,
Shaped to immortal form, the type
And very Venus of a pipe."

And the meerschaum has other adherents and eulogists among Mr. Hutchinson's poets. On the other hand, the late Mr. R. F. Murray's "Ballade of the Best Pipe" gives the palm to a "finely seasoned briar," while a writer unknown to us, Mr. Henry E. Brown, makes the terrifying statement:

"There's clay pipes an' briar pipes an' meerschaum pipes as well,
There's plain pipes an' fancy pipes—things jes made to sell;
But any pipe that kin be bought for marbles, chalk, or pelf,
Ain't ekal to th' flavor of th' pipe you make yourself."

The prospect of having to make one's own pipe is too alarming. Cigars, cheroots, and cigarettes come in for celebration, but, in the main, the book is the book of the pipe. As to brands of tobacco, the poets are not explicit. Mr. T. B. Aldrich, like the late James Payn, explains that he is addicted to latakia; but the question is left vague by his brother bards.

We cannot consider that Mr. Hutchinson has done his work particularly well. The number of pieces with no signature to them or any indication of origin is much too large; and, considering how easy it is to trace the authorship of verses that appear in reputable newspapers, it is a sign of carelessness on Mr. Hutchinson's part that he appends to certain selections only "*The Globe*," "*The St. James's Gazette*," and so on. The editors of these journals would have furnished the names of their con-

tributors with pleasure. Again, Mr. Hutchinson's notes are very scant. In the other anthologies included in the "Canterbury Poets," particularly in the case of the *Sonnets of the Century*, collected by Mr. William Sharp, the general editor of the series, the notes have been full and interesting. But Mr. Hutchinson has only thirteen to a volume of over two hundred and fifty pages! There are cases where notes are positively needed, or deserved. There is a piece of blank verse by Mr. Leland, for example, inscribed "To W. G. H." (i.e., Mr. W. G. Hutchinson), which we imagine was written especially for this volume; but Mr. Hutchinson does not say so. This is the practical end of it:

"Well, take tobacco—any kind you like—
And keep it in a jar of stone or glass;
(If in a bag, a bladder makes the best)
And sprinkle it with old Jamaica rum;
Note that the rum should be extremely good,
For much depends on it, then you will find
It gives peculiar fragrance to the leaf
Like that of the Havanas which we had
All in the olden time. *Probatum est!*"

We do not observe many omissions. Mr. Hutchinson does not print the version of "The Indian Weed," given by Bell in his *Songs from the Dramatists*, but he gives others. We do not find Mr. Dobson's "Autumn Idyll"—a poem it is always pleasant to meet with—nor Mr. Anstey's Anglo-German ballad (somewhat in the manner of Breitmann, who is well represented here), in the *Burglar Bill* volume, of the Professor and his pipe; but possibly copyright difficulties prevented, as in the case of Calverley's famous ode. On p. 125 two lines seem to have been dropped out. We fancy also that the university magazines might have rewarded search through their lightsome pages.

For certain inclusions we are more disposed to blame the editor. The piece of which this is the last stanza was not, for example, worth printing:

"I've seen the land of all I love
Fade in the distant dim,
I've watched above the blighted heart
Where once proud hope hath been.
But I've never known a sorrow
That could with that compare,
When, off the blue Canaries,
I smoked my last cigar."

Does Mr. Joseph Warren Fabens, who wrote this lyric, really pronounce "cigar" "cigare"?

THE CROWN OF OMARISM.

Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. Multi-Variorum Edition. Edited by Nathan Haskell Dole. 2 vols. (Macmillan & Co.)

It seems to us a regrettable lack of imaginative sympathy on the part of Messrs. Macmillan that their first practical reply to the piteous appeals for a cheap edition of Omar, which have lately rendered the *Chronicle* such pathetic reading, should be this twenty-four-shilling publication. Is it possible they do not recognise that they are the servants of the public, and that the teaching of the Persian hedonist has become neces-

sary to the British temperament? Can they really believe that they have any right to withhold the gospel of negation and sensuousness from the masses who desire it? Twenty-four shillings indeed! It is surely time that publishers were taught their place!

In this work Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole has swept the field. He has gathered together everything, short of the original Persian and minor newspaper articles and reviews, that bears upon the Rubáiyát. In order that impecunious Omarians may see what they are missing, let us outline the scheme. Firstly come some quatrains by Mr. Dole himself to the Persian poet, in which it is stated that

"Thy example makes us brave to face our fate;"

and in which Omar is asked to

"accept this volume as a meed of praise, Altho' thy Fame, so established, hath no need of praise,

And thou thyself art very far away from us—
So far, thou'dst not take heed of blame or heed of praise."

In these complicated "rimes," says Mr. Dole, there is an attempt to follow the Persian style. Secondly, we have an account of Omar's early translators, and a reprint of Prof. Cowell's article in the *Calcutta Review*. Thirdly, a biography of FitzGerald, in which we find this sentence: "Mr. FitzGerald himself lived to see the grain of mustard seed just beginning that growth into a tree large enough for the birds of the air to build thereon." Mr. Dole certainly has shown no lack of assiduity in constructing a nest. Fourthly, an account of Omar's later translators—Nicolas, Bodenstedt, Graf von Schack, Whinfield, and so on. Fifthly, a review by Mrs. Cadell of FitzGerald's version, from *Fraser's Magazine*, May, 1879. Sixthly, a life of Omar. Seventhly, an analysis of the case against FitzGerald as Persian scholars see it. Eighthly, FitzGerald's second edition of the translation, with preface, reprinted from the copyright volume. Ninthly, comparative versions of each quatrain, from FitzGerald (all editions), Whinfield, Garner, Kerney, and McCarthy, in English; Nicolas, in French; and Bodenstedt and Von Schack, in German. Tenthly, forty-six appendices on individual rubáiyát. Eleventhly, an appendix on rubáiyát which may be considered autobiographical. Thus in Whinfield's translation one may find the quatrain:

"From mosque an outcast, and to church a foe.

Allah! of what clay didst thou form me so?

Like sceptic mark, or ugly courtezan,
No hopes have I above, no joys below."

America, Mr. Dole reminds us, claims the distinction of "having furnished the only adequate plastic representation of Omar." We presume the artist based his portrait on the foregoing confession. Twelfthly, a series of quatrains translated by Mr. H. G. Keene. Thirteenthly, a bibliography of Omar, running to 156 pages. Fourteenthly, the history of the association of gentlemen, who, actuated by a mutual love of Persian, dine together in London and elsewhere under

a club-name which, owing to a frequently and publicly expressed desire for privacy, we must abstain from printing. Mr. Dole, however, gives all particulars: the founders, the occasional verses, everything, indeed, except the *menus*. Fifteenthly, a brief account of Omar and his opponents (more accurately meaning Omarism's opponents), with a parody by "Q." Sixteenthly, a notice of the translations of Mr. Frank Siller of Milwaukee. Seventeenthly, a notice of the German versions of Dr. A. E. Wollheim. Eighteenthly, an index.

There also are various illustrations, comprising portraits of translators, and designs for certain of the quatrains, by Mr. Edmund H. Garrett and Mr. Gilbert James. We do not care much for the work of either artist, but Mr. James, whose drawings appeared in *The Sketch*, is the more original. The two pencils come into acute rivalry in the matter of the "Angel of the Darker Drink." Mr. James sees him as a bearded gentleman in a Japanese skirt, with a pair of tremendous black wings. Mr. Garrett's angel, on the other hand, has no beard, but takes a larger size in wings even than Mr. James's. The cup, too, is a little bowl in Mr. Garrett's picture, and a wine-glass in the other. In both cases a young woman is the drinker. Mr. James clothes her; Mr. Garrett leaves her naked among the bulrushes.

Such are Mr. Dole's two volumes, a miracle of ingenious book-making. Why he did not add to their merits by including also the original Persian text we cannot conceive. Had he done so the work would be valuable as well as curious. Yet, as it is, if it were not for the lately published circumstance that Omarians cannot afford more than half-a-crown for the master's message, the work would, we suppose, have a circulation not less than that of a romance by Mr. Hall Caine.

AN INDEFENSIBLE BOOK.

"FAMOUS SCOTS" SERIES.—*R. Louis Stevenson*. By Margaret Moyes Black. (Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.)

A STRONG case might be made out for extending the Copyright Act in such a way as to give a man exclusive rights in his own biography, to be exercised by his nominees for at least a few years after his death. No better argument could be adduced in support of this contention than the existence of Miss Black's memoir of R. L. Stevenson, which has just been added to the "Famous Scots" Series. All materials of any value for the biography have been entrusted to Mr. Sidney Colvin, Stevenson's literary executor. But it so happened that while the actual biography was delayed in preparation, Mr. Colvin was asked, and could not well refuse, to write a notice in the Dictionary of National Biography, thus making a great many facts in Stevenson's career public property; and from this *ad interim* memoir, and the hints lavishly afforded in Stevenson's many autobiographic passages, a very passable memoir might have been constructed. But no

writer, knowing that an authorised biography was in progress, should have undertaken the work; or so it seems to us. Miss Black was intimate with a family of Stevenson's cousins, and knew the writer himself when he was a young man. She has amassed a certain number of the most trivial details respecting Stevenson's childhood and youth, and describes, to the best of her ability, the man as she knew him. In this way her memoir has a certain value as representing the impression which Stevenson's personality made upon this lady. The only details of the impression, however, which she is able to disengage clearly relate to his clothes. There remains the reassuring fact that a book so entirely worthless cannot in the least interfere with the success of the authorised biography. But Stevenson would writhe in his grave if he could see himself represented in this milk-and-water way. How far the picture is from the original may be gathered from two facts. First, there is no indication of the moral struggle over principles that pitted the son for a time in opposition to the father; and, secondly, Miss Black thinks that Stevenson "did not take women seriously."

There is no more to be said about this book except that it was a mistake to write it and a much worse mistake to publish it. In a year or two we shall have Mr. Colvin's *Life*, based largely upon Stevenson's letters, than which there are few in our language more vivid or more full of personal colour: it will be a life of a remarkable man, written by his most intimate companion, his critic for many years; and if it can borrow anything from Miss Black's volume—though that is highly improbable—there will be an excuse for the existence of her book. We are quite sure that Miss Black did not realise that she was doing an indefensible thing; but it is incumbent upon us to point out that she has done it, either of her own notion or at the suggestion of her publishers.

SCIENCE TEXT-BOOKS.

ZOOLOGY.

A Text-Book of Zoology. By T. Jeffery Parker and William A. Haswell. In 2 vols. (Macmillan & Co.)

A Student's Text-Book of Zoology. By Adam Sedgwick. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.)

Natural History (Vertebrates) of the British Isles. By F. G. Aflalo. (William Blackwood & Sons.)

Text-Book of Zoology. By H. G. Wells. Revised and enlarged by A. M. Davies. (W. B. Clive.)

THE rapid growth of zoological knowledge during recent years makes it impossible for any single zoologist, or indeed for any pair of workers in this branch of science, to possess a specialist's knowledge of every division of the animal kingdom. But though it may happen that particular

experts may object to a few minor matters of description and treatment in the handsome volumes of Profs. Parker and Haswell, we have no hesitation in saying that the authors have done an excellent piece of work in bringing together the results at which a multitude of investigators in the many departments of this comprehensive branch of natural knowledge have arrived. Moreover, the enterprise of the publishers calls for commendation; for though the expense of producing the unusually large number of carefully executed diagrams (there are 1,173) must have been very great, there can only be a limited sale for such an elaborate work in England. The volumes ought, certainly, to be in the library attached to every properly equipped zoological laboratory, for the student will find the illustrations invaluable as a guide in his dissections. Evidences of the great experience which the authors have had in teaching are to be found on every page; each point which is likely to present a difficulty to the student being dealt with in the manner of which only an experienced teacher is master. It is melancholy to think, while looking over and admiring these volumes, that Prof. Parker was denied the satisfaction of seeing them, he having died before the work of publication was complete. In one important respect the text-book is found wanting. We consider the almost complete absence of references to original papers and memoirs a serious fault. The only such references are of quite a general kind, and are relegated to the end of the second volume, where it is more than likely they will not be found by many readers.

In this respect, at all events, Mr. Sedgwick's book is likely to be more useful than that of Profs. Parker and Haswell, for he provides a large number of useful references; but in this book, also, more attention might with advantage have been given to the historical development of the subject. Nevertheless, if the same degree of excellence as has been reached in this first volume be maintained in subsequent parts, Mr. Sedgwick will have produced a very good and useful guide to students of zoology.

With only the first part of Mr. Sedgwick before him, we wonder what the general reader would make of "zoology." Coming to it with a vague idea that there must be some connexion between zoology and the Zoological Gardens, and with an ill-defined idea that zoology is a subject dealing with "animals," we imagine him turning over the pages, and, seeing pictures, starting a search for some animal he knew. We doubt whether he would find one, though he might recognise some of the worms. The modern zoologist, concerned with every kind of animal life though he undoubtedly is, approaches the subject in a severely scientific manner, which is in every respect dissimilar to that of the writers of natural history books. While the latter emphasises the general build, colour, and habits of beasts, the scientific text-book, like those we have mentioned, concerns itself with their minute structure, development, and relations to one another.

It requires training of a severe kind to understand and appreciate such text-books of zoology, and we hereby warn the general reader that they are not for him.

The *Natural History of the British Isles*, on the other hand, is likely to prove interesting to general readers. It is a popular treatise, admirably suited for amateur naturalists living in the country. Every important British animal possessing a backbone, whether it lives on the earth, in the air, or in the sea, is briefly described, and many well drawn illustrations add to the value of the text.

The new edition of Mr. Wells's little book on zoology is another reminder of the versatility of his genius. The changes in the particular examination for which his book was intended have necessitated its revision, which has been entrusted to Mr. Davies. While the author's original plan has been adhered to, many parts have been rewritten, and several additions have been made. The drawings, too, have been considerably altered and, we think, improved. The popularity of the book is thus still further ensured.

PHYSICS.

A Treatise on Magnetism and Electricity. By Andrew Gray. (Macmillan & Co.)

On Laboratory Arts. By Richard Threlfall. (Macmillan & Co.)

An Elementary Course of Physics. Edited by Rev. J. C. P. Aldous. (Macmillan & Co.)

ALL students of physics have studied Prof. Gray's *Absolute Measurements*, and are consequently familiar with his lucid style and clear exposition of difficult points. The present treatise is therefore sure of a hearty welcome. Prof. Gray here regards "electric and magnetic forces as existing in a space-pervading medium in which the electric and magnetic energies are stored, and by which they are handed on from one place to another with a finite velocity of propagation." The book is not merely a treatise on the mathematical theory of electricity; theory and practice being brought together in a very successful manner. It is in no sense a beginner's book, as an elementary acquaintance with electrical phenomena and a familiarity with the mathematical methods of the calculus are both assumed. How much is gained by the union of experimental methods and mathematical treatment is at once appreciated by a comparison of modern books, among which this will take a very high place, with the published researches of that prince of experimenters, Faraday. And it is in the judicious blending of these two instruments of research that the phenomenal advances in electrical science since Faraday's time are to be traced. Working along the lines laid down by Maxwell, in his now well-known theory, modern physicists are everyday getting nearer to a complete understanding of electrical phenomena and to a solution of the question, What is Electricity? Among many other interesting

modern developments which are duly noted and described by Prof. Gray, we are glad to find Dr. Bauer's instructive diagrams, Plates V. and VI., which graphically show the secular changes in magnetic variation and dip.

Prof. Threlfall's treatment of his subject is the exact antithesis of Prof. Gray's. Here we have a book which is concerned wholly with experimental minutiae. But it must be said at once that the work is done in a masterly fashion. Prof. Threlfall is an expert in glass-blowing and other laboratory processes, and his *Laboratory Arts* has already, we doubt not, found its way into the laboratories of many physicists. In carrying out any piece of research the experimental philosopher is continually called upon to design and construct his own apparatus, and facility in these directions is one of the many powers which the successful investigator must possess. To aid in thus equipping the young researcher is the object of the manual; and it should help very much in this direction, since it deals not only with glass-blowing, but also with glass-grinding, soldering, brazing, electro-plating, and many other processes continually used in scientific workshops.

The *Elementary Course of Physics* is again a work of quite a different kind. Hitherto the reader requiring a general account of the present state of physical science has gone to translations of the well-known books by Ganot and Deschanel, which have for many years had a wide popularity in this country. The volume now under our notice is an English attempt to meet such a student's requirements. The various parts are treated by different authors, the whole being edited by Mr. Aldous. Thus, while the sections on mechanics, hydrostatics, and heat are written by the editor, wave-motion, sound, and light are from the pen of Mr. W. D. Eggar, and magnetism and electricity from that of Prof. Barrell. A striking feature of the book is the profusion of clear, artistic illustrations, which will do much to lighten the beginner's task. The fact that the various chapters have been examined and criticised by Lord Kelvin, Lord Rayleigh, and others should be guarantee enough that we have here a trustworthy introduction to an extensive subject.

BOOKS FOR BEGINNERS.

Elementary General Science. By A. T. SIMMONS and L. M. Jones. (Macmillan & Co.)

Elementary Physics. By John G. Kerr. (Blackie & Son.)

Elementary Chemistry. By T. A. Cheetham. (Blackie & Son.)

The Chemistry of the Garden. By Herbert H. Cousins. (Macmillan & Co.)

THERE is, we are glad to find, a conviction growing up in the minds of the various authorities who regulate the teaching of science in our secondary and higher grade schools, that teaching to be of any value must be accompanied by ex-

perimental demonstration. Nor is this all, for it is becoming more and more insisted upon, that those scientific truths which young students discover for themselves through the agency of properly directed experimental work, are the only ones which assist in the mind's development and do any good in training the child's faculties. Beginning with next January the Examiners for the London Matriculation Examination will require this personal experimental knowledge of the rudiments of physics and chemistry from every candidate presented for examination. The book which Messrs. Simmons and Jones have produced is designed to meet this new demand. We have given the little work a very careful examination, and are convinced that no better introduction to physics and chemistry is at present available. In addition to its concise statement of the fundamental truths of the branches of science of which it treats, the book contains an admirable series of over three hundred experimental exercises for the student. Many of these are very ingenious, the simple pin methods of demonstrating the laws of reflection and refraction of light, as well as the device for heating a solid in a closed volume of gas, being especially noteworthy. Several small mistakes, which should have been corrected in proof, detract a little from the general excellence. For instance, "ammonium" beneath Figure 140 should be "ammonia"; and on all the right-hand pages of chap. xvii. "sulphur and its compound" is printed instead of "sulphur and its compounds."

The *Elementary Chemistry* of Mr. Cheetham and the *Elementary Physics* of Mr. Kerr are further evidences of the tendency of which we have spoken. They both belong to the same series published by Messrs. Blackie to meet the requirements of first year students in Organised Science Schools conducted in connexion with the Department of Science and Art. We are not sure about the wisdom of separating the laboratory and class-work in the way the authors have done, but gladly recognise the improvement in the teaching of science in classes held under the Science and Art Department, of which such books as these are evidence.

Mr. Cousins, though treating of a different subject, has this necessary belief in experimental teaching. In his preface he appeals "to the gardeners of England to place themselves in line with the only true and sound method known to science, and the only safe and sure means to progress and discovery—Experiment." He has produced a very instructive little primer.

BOTANY.

Lessons with Plants. By L. H. Bailey. (Macmillan & Co.)

A Manual of Agricultural Botany. By A. B. Frank. Translated by John W. Paterson. (Blackwood & Sons.)

PROF. BAILEY'S latest book is one to linger over. It is a delightful introduction to botany. As its author insists in a sub-title, the book consists of suggestions for seeing and interpreting some of the common forms

of vegetation. If botany were taught in our schools in the manner here described, with simple, interesting language, it would be the most popular of school subjects. The young beginner is so introduced to the plant kingdom that he is bound to regard it as a veritable fairyland. The "eventful history of an apple-twist" is a piece of work which will go straight to a child's heart. There is no hearsay allowed. With plant in hand, the boy or girl verifies everything. The work, when done under Prof. Bailey's supervision, will become play. We can well imagine a set of youngsters starting out for one of these practical lessons, for we have actually tried the experiment, though not since it has become possible to get inspiration from *Lessons with Plants*. Even without this valuable guide and counsellor the healthy youngster never seemed to have enough to do with plants; now the teacher, who has become imbued with Prof. Bailey's method, will often find it difficult to prevent the children going ahead too quickly. There is only one source of regret. Prof. Bailey, teaching as he does in America, has in several cases described American plants which do not grow in this country. In the next edition we hope he will add the English equivalent in all such cases. But even as the book stands it should be studied by every teacher of botany.

The *Manual of Agricultural Botany* will probably prove a handy text-book for agricultural students. Dr. Frank has only treated of those parts of botany which have some bearing upon agricultural science. The particular value of the book seems to be that the agriculturist will find here just what will be useful, and no more. There is nothing particularly original in treatment or arrangement.

MATHEMATICS.

Introduction to Algebra. By G. Chrystal. (A. & C. Black.)

Lectures on the Geometry of Position. By Theodor Reye. Translated and Edited by Thomas F. Holgate. (Macmillan & Co.)

Higher Arithmetic and Mensuration. By Edward Murray. (Blackie & Son.)

The Miner's Arithmetic and Mensuration. By Henry Davies. (Chapman & Hall.)

Easy Problem Papers. By C. H. P. Mayo. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

PROF. CHRYSAL endeavours in his *Introduction* to remedy the defects of English text-books in algebra, which he maintains have tended to "degenerate into a mere farrago of rules and artifices, directed to the solution of examination puzzles of a somewhat stereotyped character, having little visible relation to one another, and still less bearing upon practice." The attempt is avowedly a compromise, which is presently to be superseded by something better. A prominent feature of the book is the constant use of graphical illustration, which the author regards as "the most valuable antidote to the tendency of school algebra to degenerate into puzzle-solving and legerdemain." Regarding algebra, like Newton

did, as but "generalised arithmetic," the student is taught to see how the one branch of mathematics grows naturally out of the other. That the book is by Prof. Chrystal is evidence enough that it contains a clear expression of the more modern ways of regarding the subject; and the student who works through its exercises will be in possession of a practical acquaintance with the fundamental processes of algebra. But, in our judgment, very much attractiveness is lost by the crowded state of some of the pages. It is difficult for mathematical experts to appreciate the trouble and travail experienced by the average beginner, and to understand that great assistance is derived from judicious and carefully arranged typing. One or two of the subjects dealt with are too advanced for ordinary schoolwork, and we are afraid that the present crowded state of the school time-table will make it impossible to find time to work through its 412 pages in the number of terms through which the subject is commonly studied.

The *Lectures on the Geometry of Position* is another translation from the German, and, like most of them, comes from America. The book will appeal to but a limited public. It deals with what is commonly spoken of as "modern pure geometry"—a subject which might with advantage be more commonly studied. Modern synthetic geometry has been for the most part developed during the present century, and differs from the geometry of Euclid's *Elements* not so much by the subjects dealt with as by the processes which are employed and the generality of the results attained. Prof. Reye's work is widely known on the Continent. It has been translated into French and Italian, and now those English students of mathematics who do not read German will be able to acquaint themselves with the modern treatment of an important subject.

It is a little difficult to understand why Mr. Murray should prefix the word "Higher" to his title for the little work before us. He begins with multiplication and division, and, in the way which is so familiar to the reviewer, works on through G. C. M., L. C. M., Proportion, Interest, Stocks and Shares, and all the other usual subjects. The addition of a single chapter on mensuration is not sufficient justification for describing the book in the way Mr. Murray does in his title. There is a good collection of examples, it is true, but we know of several better books on the matters treated.

Mr. Murray's book is, however, very much in advance of the *Miner's Arithmetic*, which is little more than a collection of examples set in the examinations mine managers and others have to pass. The first hundred and fifty pages contain nothing that is not better done in a score of books. The other hundred pages, completing the volume, contain a collection of questions, which, without the solutions offered, might have been useful. Books of this kind do not improve the work of intelligently educating our "practical men," but rather impede it.

The hundred and fifty problem papers, arranged by Mr. Mayo, of Harrow, should prove of assistance to Army candidates.

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

THAT LITTLE CUTTY.

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

A posthumous volume consisting of three short stories, mellow, and melancholy, and Scotch. The titles: "That Little Cutty," "Dr. Barrère," "Isabel Dysart." (Macmillan. 241 pp. 6s.)

THE CALIFORNIANS.

By GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

A characteristic story by the author of *Patience Sparhawk*, built on the lines of that clever volume. The scene opens in San Francisco, and the story passes in California, and purports to be a study of Californian character. Magdalena is the heroine, the typical heroine of the modern woman novelist, growing up as the story proceeds. Very early in the volume Magdalena escapes from her father's house at night to watch a fire, accompanied by the beautiful Helena Belmont, dressed as a boy. Helena is also daughter of a reigning Californian family. Magdalena regrets the episode, and confesses to her father, who beats her for it. Helena is not sorry, does not confess, and is taken to Europe. (Lane. 351 pp. 6s.)

WITHIN BOUNDS.

By ETHEL COXON.

This is a story of two men and a woman, and it begins with a cricket match. The hero makes 145 out of 251; which is pretty good. Subsequently he loves Olive, and suffers rivalry. Among the characters is Mrs. Pinwell, who has two right-thinking children, "the children of many prayers," and who thinks Omar Khayyam a blasphemer. On the other hand, no one could enjoy more than she recitations about firemen rescuing children. A quiet book. (Constable. 315 pp. 6s.)

PHASES OF AN INFERIOR PLANET.

By ELLEN GLASGOW.

A neurotic novel of the world, the flesh, and the devil, by a writer who has made some stir in America. The characters are American. Says one, of the heroine: "Why, it's Mariana! Bless her pretty throat! An hour of Mariana is worth all the spoken or unspoken thoughts of—of Marcus Aurelius, to say nothing of Solomon." A gloomy book, by a confirmed pessimist, as the title indicates, but one likely to be much read. (Heinemann. 313 pp. 6s.)

CHILDREN OF THE MIST.

By EDEN PHILLIPS.

This novel consists of four books, fifty-six chapters, and four hundred and sixty pages. The main ingredients of the story appear to be love, weather, and Dartmoor dialect, but there is also a good deal of writing which will be described as "strong." Thus:

"So you must swear you'll never tell to man or woman or cheel what I've done and wheer I be gone."

"I'll swear if you like . . ."

"Say it, then."

"By the living God, I, Clement Hicks, bee-master of Chagford, Devon, swear to keep the secret of my friend and neighbour, William Blanchard, whatever it is."

"And may He tear the life out of you if you so much as think to tell."

Hicks laughed and shook his hair from his forehead.

"You're suspicious of the best friend you've got in the world."

"Not a spark. But I want you to see what an awful solemn thing I reckon it."

"Then may God rot me, and plague me, and let me roast in hell fire with the rogues for ever and a day, if I so much as whisper your news to man or mouse! There, will that do?"

(A. D. Innes & Co. 460 pp. 6s.)

THE KEEPER OF THE WATERS.

By MORLEY ROBERTS.

One-and-twenty short stories by this vigorous and fertile writer. Among the titles are: "The Man in the Rocking Chair," "The Hatter of Howlong," "A Pawned Kingdom," "The Trunk," "All Spain and Captain Spink," "The Suggester of Crime," "The Laughers," "The Red Spot," and "The Lone Wolf in Flood." (Skeffington & Son. 330 pp. 6s.)

CORRAGEEN IN '98.

By MRS. ORPEN.

A story of the '98, by the author of *Perfection City*. The book is Irish to the marrow. "Whisht now," says this speaker; "Ach, it's too soft-hearted yez are," says that; "Ochone," says another; and "Huroosh," a fourth. This is the end: "Ach, wirra, wirra, it war a bad business that; ivery one av 'em war mad, I'm thinkin'," replied his bride. "I've got no reason to complain," said the sergeant; "it got me the dearest, bravest, and best wife in all Ireland—Kitty of Corrageen!" (Methuen & Co. 325 pp. 6s.)

BROTHERS OF THE PEOPLE.

By FRED WHISHAW.

Russia again. The narrator is a young Englishwoman, and her story is of perfidy and plotters, love and fighting. Here is a passage: "So that my father was a bigamist," he reflected, "and my poor mother a deceived woman, and these two terrible young firebrands are my own brother and sister! This makes my position still more embarrassing, Elsie; for, see here, as it is, I am at loggerheads with André. I can and will conceal nothing from you, my beloved." (C. Arthur Pearson. 279 pp. 6s.)

IN THE IMAGE OF GOD.

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

"A Story of Lower London," by the author of *East End Idylls*. Mr. Adcock's nomenclature is not too convincing: Mr. Guffin, Mrs. Loroff, Mr. Dollis, Mr. Iddler, Mr. Kitts. Mr. Iddler had views: "I don't consider," he said, "I do a wicked deed when I drink beer, or a good one when I drink water. They ain't my idea of vice or virtue. . . . when you see me drunk, neighbour, or on the way there, talk to me about this agen; but till then leave me alone with St. Paul, an' don't be afraid." (Skeffington. 219 pp. 3s. 6d.)

DEADMAN'S.

By MARY GAUNT.

A colonial novel. Deadman's was a camp, where human nature was rough, elemental, and profane. Indeed, few recent novels have been so profane as this. Men bite savagely on their pipes, Chinamen are killed, and belated ciadas skirl among the trees. Some one says: "You was a gummick if you thought I was clackin' away here to you without tellin' Jim you was goin' to put the traps on him." (Methuen. 304 pp. 6s.)

THE MEASURE OF A MAN.

By E. LIVINGSTON PRESCOTT.

The heroine is introduced in the act of coming downstairs. "Though she was twenty-one, a silver veil of purest maidenhood seemed to cling about her and interpose between her and the coarser joys and sorrows of humanity." Naturally, therefore, she did not come downstairs like the rest of us, but "slid like a dream round the carved corner of the broad oaken banister," and passed into the orchard, where she began to sing "the wordless pulsing song of a brook or a bird," until someone remarked tartly: "It's all very well to sing and trail about in the dew, and leave other people to wash the green out of your dresses afterwards!" (James Nisbet & Co. 317 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE DUENNA OF A GENIUS.

By M. E. FRANCIS.

Here are some chapter headings: I. Introduzione. II. Staccato. III. Molto Expressivo. IV. Capriccioso. V. Giocoso. VI. Accelerando. VII. Scherzando. VIII. Molto Furioso. And so on up to XIX. From which, and from the dedication of the story to Monsieur Jan Ignace Paderewski, it appears that this is a musical novel. Indeed, the author says specifically: "I might say that

music itself is my theme; and that my characters are moulded by it, and my incidents developed from it as so many variations." (Harper & Brothers. 368 pp. 6s.)

THE WORLD AND ONORA.

By LILIAN STREET.

ONORA's marriage seems to have been a mistake. Her husband informs her, after the knot is tied, that he has divorced two wives and hates children. He also insists that she shall stay from church and give her opinion on his verses. This is on page 119; and it is a choice of love or "pitiless hatred" between husband and wife. But we foresee brighter days for ONORA. (Duckworth & Co. 291 pp. 6s.)

JOAN THE CURATE.

By FLORENCE WARDEN.

Smuggling stories are always readable, and when the doughtiest of the smugglers is called Ben the Blast, and kegs and ambuscades sprinkle the early pages, the reader knows that all is well. Moreover, JOAN, the parson's daughter, begins to nurse the lieutenant on page 11. So the story is a certainty. (Chatto & Windus. 315 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE SEED OF THE POPPY.

By CLIVE HOLLAND.

A story of a young man and woman who collaborate in novel-writing, and are much paragraphed. Editors gyrate in the background, and opium finally dissolves the literary partnership. (C. A. Pearson, Limited. 309 pp. 6s.)

THE MASTER OF CRAIGENS.

By A. D. RITCHIE.

A Highland story. "Wheesht, wheesht, Jean!" (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 280 pp. 3s. 6d.)

FACE TO FACE WITH NAPOLEON.

By O. V. CAINE.

A vivacious story of boys who fight for boys who read. The boys were English and the fighting was French and German. "'They shall take my two ponies' said Madame Meyer generously. 'Peterkin is old, but has a noble spirit, though his legs are stiff. And Dumppling—Mr. Jem shall have Dumppling. With a good whip she still goes like the wind.'" Some of the slang seems more modern than the beginning of the century, but boys will not grumble at that. (Nisbet. 367 pp. 6s.)

JACK SMITH, M.P.

By HUDE MYDDLETON.

HUDE Myddleton is the author of *Phæbe Deacon*, and has no connexion with the New River. This is JACK SMITH, M.P.: "There is at present in the House a brilliant star, but he belongs to no party, and so will never rise to power. No one quite knows what he will say and do next." He also kept two Chinamen and was mysterious. A work of mild sensation. (Constable & Co. 113 pp. 1s.)

A QUESTION OF COLOUR.

By F. C. PHILIPS.

A short story between covers, by the author of *As in a Looking-Glass*. "Jack," says one of the characters, "do you think it horrid of me when I say that I hate being poor? Theoretically, of course, everyone hates to be poor; but in my case I mean it literally—I hate being poor, and hate it with all my heart." "Not all your heart, dearest," says Jack, "a piece of it is occupied with me—you told me so." The colour in question was that of a Zulu named Umgazi, who married a white wife. (Constable & Co. 139 pp. 1s.)

THE LOVE THAT NEVER DIES.

By MRS. H. H. PENROSE.

By the author of *A Hard Little Cuss*. Love and sentiment, frustration and pathos. The beginning: "It was some time in the early seventies that Marion Dorset made an imprudent marriage. In becoming Mrs. Fred Hurst she committed the great folly of her life." The end: "The sun rose upon a world from which Gerald Hurst and his mother had gone away together." (Jarrold & Sons. 255 pp. 3s. 6d.)

A MAN OF NO ACCOUNT.

By DAYRELL TRELAWNEY.

This is No. 2 of the Records of Craysmere Village. Also the title has been borrowed from one of Mr. Bret Harte's best stories. The book is dedicated to "those who gave food and shelter to John Dredge on his lonely journey." By way of sprightly preface the author says: "The anguish of hope deferred, and echo of 'You

must wait,' fill the lives of the poor to an extent never dreamed of by those who open all doors with a golden key." There are pictures to intensify the pathos. (The Church Newspaper Co. 62 pp. 1s.)

UNDER THE LABURNUMS.

By EMMA MARSHALL.

A story for girls, by the author of *Only Susan*, *Lizette*, &c., &c. (James Nisbet & Co. 316 pp. 5s.)

A ROMANCE OF A GROUSE MOOR.

By MRS. STEVENSON.

The title says all. (C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. 216 pp. 2s. 6d.)

OFF TO KLONDYKE.

By GORDON STABLES.

A boys' story of a cowboy's rush to the goldfields. (James Nisbet & Co. 327 pp. 5s.)

A BOHEMIAN GIRL.

By P. MCGINNIS.

A high-spirited story of stage-life and love. "'I will go,' said I"—it begins—"pausing at the feet of Nelson's south-east lion, 'I will go to the Tivoli to-night, and I will evolve a notice on the show which will throw the other London critics into a green sickness.'" (W. Scott. 252 pp. 2s. 6d.)

REVIEWS.

Roden's Corner. By Henry Seton Merriman. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

MR. MERRIMAN seems to us to be in danger. He has a gift of straightforward narrative which has carried his work into the hands of all English-speaking readers—a gift which enables him to tell, with some vigour, a moving story from start to finish. But here in the book before us he would be satirist too, with little acidulated digressions not in the least to the point. Now, from Mr. Merriman we do not want satire and digressions: we want strong, steady progress, sinew and muscle, elemental passions, excitement and sensation. Satire, to be attractive, needs finer handling than Mr. Merriman can give it. His touch is too heavy.

Mr. Merriman's scapegoat in this novel is business cunning masquerading as charity. Malmagite is a deadly preparation necessary to the manufacture of certain varieties of paper; and workers in malmagite are doomed to a short and crippled life. On the pretence that a new and harmless means of making malmagite has been discovered, Lord Ferriby, an alleged philanthropist, heads a scheme to remove all the workers to Holland, where they may continue under circumstances favourable to their health. In reality the method adopted there is more deadly than the old one, but cheaper, and the exodus to Holland is arranged in order that English factory laws and other disturbing difficulties may be avoided. The chief agents in the matter are Von Holzen, the owner of the deadly recipe, a German professor, and the villain of the piece; and Roden, who manages the accounts. With these, as fellow members of the board, are Lord Ferriby, who knows and dissembles, and two men—a society butterfly and a famous soldier who believe all to be fair and square and charitable. The interest the story begins with the awakening of their suspicions and subsides with the death of Von Holzen, who is the only really attractive figure in a rather dull and lifeless book. The passage wherein Von Holzen shows himself is one of the best that the pages hold:

"Von Holzen opened the paper slowly, and looked at it as if every line of it was familiar. It was a sheet of ordinary foolscap covered with minute figures and writing. 'It is the Vorschrift, the—how do you say?—prescription for the malmagite, and there are several in the Hague at this moment who want it, and some who would not be too scrupulous in their methods of procuring it. It is for this that they are gathering here in the Hague.'

Roden turned in his leisurely way, and looked over his shoulder towards the paper. Von Holzen glanced at Dorothy. He had no desire to keep her in suspense, but he wished to know how much she knew. She looked into the fire, treating his conversation as directed towards her brother only.

'I tried for ten years in vain to get this,' continued Von Holzen, 'and at last a dying man dictated it to me. For years it lived in the brain of one man only—and he a maker of it himself. He might have died at any moment with that secret in his head. And I,' he folded the

paper slowly and shrugged his shoulders—"I watched him. And the last intelligible word he spoke on earth was the last word of this prescription. The man can have been no fool; for he was a man of little education. I never respected him so much as I do now when I have learnt it myself." He rose and walked to the fire. "You permit me, Fräulein," he said, putting the logs together with his foot.

They burnt up brightly, and he threw the paper upon them. In a moment it was reduced to ashes. He turned slowly upon his heel, and looked at his companions with the grave smile of one who had never known much mirth.

"There," he said, touching his forehead with one finger, "it is in the brain of one man—once more." He returned to the chair he had just vacated. "And whosoever wishes to stop the manufacture of malmagite will need to stop that brain," he said, with a soft laugh.

There are other characters, men and women, in addition to those which have been named, but they are unimportant. They belong rather to fiction than to life, and are more or less old acquaintances. The story is, indeed, a professional novelist's novel—the work of a man who has learned to write fiction with regularity and facility, rather than one whose each new book is the fruit of the observation and study of life which had preceded it. Mr. Merriman will do well, we think, to leave hollow society, sham charity, and nefarious finance alone, and get back to more romantic material.

* * *

A Statesman's Chance. By Joseph F. Charles.
(Constable.)

LORD MILTON was a philosopher of forty, and a statesman who had chiefly helped to form the youthful mind of Princess Margaret, heiress-apparent to the throne of Vangen. During a visit to England he formed a man-and-child friendship with Barbara Montague, the charming, headstrong, unkempt daughter of an old college chum, a reverend widower. When the Rev. Mr. Montague rose to a bishopric and married again, the following conversation occurred between himself and his spouse, *apropos* of the grave of his first wife:

"I should like to go there some day with you," she said to her husband.

"It would be interesting," he replied; "but people would think it a little strange, wouldn't they?"

"Perhaps," she said; and so the subject dropped. What people thought had become, under Providence, the guide of their lives."

It is not surprising that the domestic atmosphere of the episcopal household scarcely suited Barbara. At seventeen, still a schoolgirl, she ran away to Lord Milton, her only friend. Lord Milton suddenly asked her to marry him. She accepted. End of Part I.

Part II. happens in Vangen. Margaret comes to the throne of her rascally father; guided by Lord Milton she introduces government by party into her kingdom, and by limiting her own powers seeks to strengthen a somewhat flimsy throne.

"Vangen," she said, "from to-day, shall have a ministry responsible not to the sovereign but to the House of Rule. I have thought it over well. I know the objections you have always urged to the English plan, the party spirit it creates, the abandonment of principles under the pressure of expediency, but I can only adopt your conclusion that, until the masses of men are wiser, a representative government is the least dangerous. I admit that to send for the leader of the Opposition will be hard for me. It will be interpreted as a confession of weakness, and a Cabinet of House of Rule members will take unwarrantable liberties till I have taught them that, though a constitutional Queen, I still am a Queen. You saw them in morning dress. Pitiful, wasn't it?"

The experiment is successful; but unfortunately Barbara, becoming jealous of Lord Milton's relations with the Queen, entangles herself with a natural son of the late King, and practically runs away with him. At the last moment, however, the Queen appears in the rôle of Providence, and Lord and Lady Milton are reconciled in a highly conventional way.

The book has merit. The childhood of Barbara is well done, and the difficult political scenes at Vangen are managed with a simplicity which is effective. Also there is humour. Nevertheless, the book fails because it is badly constructed. The connexion between Part I. and Part II. is of the slightest, and the Barbara of Part II. is distinctly not the Barbara of Part I. Mr. Charles has frittered away his considerable skill upon a number of small and scattered effects. It would seem that he cannot be cumulative.

The Modern Gospel. By Mrs. H. H. Penrose.
(Constable.)

THIS is yet another story of a young married woman who writes novels with a rather commonplace husband. Under the influence of a realistic dramatist and his sister, the original New Woman, she departs from her husband in order to finance and edit a materialistic magazine. The young wife tells the story, and she argues thus with her husband on the eve of her departure:

"True art dictates," I answered. "Its exponent is a servant. I must utter the word that is in me whatever it be."

"If everyone accepted that dictum literally," said Dacre, "I am afraid a good many otherwise respectable people would go about the world saying 'damn,' and nothing else."

Nevertheless, Mrs. Tregenven goes to London, and, of course, makes an awful mess of the magazine. The plot is complicated by her sister, who, being a rabid anti-vivisectionist, marries Martin Roper without knowing that he was a noted vivisector, though his gleaming teeth and cruel eyes gave him away to us at once. This is the sort of man Martin Roper was. He had been vivisectioning his own baby which had fallen into convulsions. He protests:

"It should not have injured her in any way, and I should have made the third inoculation to-morrow."

"And that is all you care about!" I said, unable to control my rage of indignation. "You don't give a thought to the dear little life sacrificed, even though it is your own child's. You care nothing for her mother's grief and desolation. An empty cradle means nothing to you—a broken heart means nothing."

"Why should they mean anything?" he interrupted calmly. "Sentiment bears no relation to science, and science is the only thing I care about, as you have said. It is my god, and deity demands sacrifice. I have worshipped better than the Christians. I have grudged nothing. Consider what I have done according to your own revelations. I have killed one man in order to make a discovery; I have killed another that I might have sufficient money to go on making more discoveries without let or hindrance. Finally, I have offered up my own child, like Abraham. Was it Abraham?"

So the argument proceeds, while the baby is in convulsions. And these arguments—on vivisection, on the duty of women to run magazines, and so forth, rather spoil our enjoyment of a book which contains plenty of incident and no little vigorous writing. We are sure that ladies do not argue thus when the baby is in convulsions.

THE SECRET OF THE HOLY GRAIL.

THERE is a profound secret hidden in the midst of mediæval history, writes Miss A. L. Beatrice Hardcastle in *The Theosophical Review*. Its existence is acknowledged by the majority of writers, but its origin is never ascertained, and its real nature is never appreciated. This secret is the truth as to the doctrine and aims of the Knight-Templars, who were the last guardians of the sacred Chalice of the Grail, which drew to its mystic cult the devotion of the whole of Europe.

The versions of the Legend are so numerous and so interwoven that it would require the scholar and historian who is also a true mystic to disentangle the various traditions, and follow up each thread through the many hands which have touched it, sometimes reverently, but too often unintelligently. . . .

Even if it were possible, we would not attempt to follow the many and interesting records and stories of the actual Chalice itself, made of a single Oriental emerald, which is said to have existed in the days of Solomon, and to have had such wonderful virtues that those who had once seen it had no more sorrow, and obtained every desire of their hearts. Some said it had been preserved at Jerusalem, and was the same Cup which Henry III. received from the Master of the Templars and Hospitallers, and which Robert Grosstete preached about, in 1247, believing that he held in his hand the Holy Vessel that had been touched by the lips of the Lord. Others said it was the hexagonal plasma taken by the Crusaders at Cesarea, and worshipped ever afterwards in the church of St. Laurens at Genoa, and written of by Bernardino of Siena. But

"We may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life whose fountains are within,"

and we are concerned now with the traces, such as they are, of the doctrines that lie behind.

The foundation of the legend is the apocryphal *Gospel of Nicodemus*, and the tradition of the vision of Joseph of Arimathea, one of the secret disciples of Christ. From these sources arise the old French versions, which by their naïve seriousness impress the reader with the sense of a mystery that belongs to the sacred "heart of things," which mortal tongue may not, because it cannot, utter. Connected with this Gospel is a less well-known apocryphal work, called *The Passion of our Saviour Jesus Christ*, "written and rendered by the good master Gamaliel and Nicodemus his nephew, and the good knight Joseph Dabrimathie, translated from Latin into French." This is an extremely rare book of 1497, printed in Paris by J. Trepperel. . . .

In the account of "The Book of the Holy Grail" in Malory's *Morte D'Arthur*, we find the Grail established as the Cup of the Eucharist, and there is an extraordinary description of an occurrence in the Castle. (Chap. xx.) "And they satte them at the table in grete drede and made their prayers; thenn they saw a man come out of the Holy Vessel that had all the signes of the passion of Ihesu Criste, bledynge all openly, and sayd: 'My knyghtes and my servants and my true children, which be come out of deadly life, I will no longer hyde me from you, but ye shall see now a parte of my secretes and of my hydden thinges.' . . . 'Now holdeth and regoeth the high Mete which ye have soo moche desyred.'" (And afterwards Chap. xxi.) "A hand came right to the vessel and took it, and so bear it up to heaven. Since then was there never no man so hardy for to say that he had seen the Sancgreal." "Thus endeth this noble and joyous book, entitled *La Morte d'Arthur*, notwithstanding it treateth of King Arthur and the achieving of the Holy Sancgreal, and in the end the dolorous death and departing out of this world of them all." "The which is croucyed for the truest and holiest story that is in thys world."

And so the Grail is said to have left this earth of ours "so wise and cold," for "there was none found athirst among men," and with it went the simple faith in the importance and function of the virginal character which it insistently illustrates. Here is no shrinking, secluded, and thin-blooded ascetic, but the positive and determined figure of the knight,

"Whose strength is as the strength of ten,
Because his heart is pure,"

and who goes forth on many a practical and effectual campaign against the things that war with the soul, "till one shall crown him King, far in the spiritual City." For the ideal to him is real and love is no illusion, since he has found in a consecrated life that silent ultimate which unifies all loves.

There are some who believe that the Grail will come again,

"Where the strange and new have birth,
And Power comes full in play";

and then, instead of many churches, we shall have the Church which Joseph called the "Palace Spiritual," and instead of a Saint-Siège for one alone, there will be the Siège Périlleux which every strong soul may possess, and which gives to those who dare the crown of human life—the self-consciousness of the "spirit which knows itself as spirit." And the pastoral function will pass once more to the contemplatives and the saints from shore to shore, for they alone are always orthodox, and they alone are unanimous. Thus the age of the Grail is the "Third Age" which is yet to come, written of by Joachim de Flore, and its Evangel will always be an unwritten secret, except for those who have attained to the "mysticus intellectus."

SIR WALTER BESANT ON READING.

SIR WALTER BESANT, recently presiding at the introductory lecture of a course on "Literature," to be delivered under the auspices of the School Board for London's Evening Continuation Schools' Committee, remarked that it was difficult to say anything new on the subject of "Literature," but it was well to have commonplace things said over again sometimes. The daily newspaper had now taken the place of the pulpit and the teacher, and from it the people took their notions of daily life. Literature inspired thought, and enabled them to clothe their ideas with words; and it gave them their ideals of life. The other day they read that Gordon had been avenged. That was not what Gordon wanted. He wanted the work of civilisation to go on, and what the nation needed was

to be reminded of his high, pure, and lofty ideals. His life had been brought before them again during the last few days by the daily press. Literature, too, taught them to see things in Nature which they would not otherwise see. Literature might be taken in different ways. There were those who took it as a pastime; others made a study of it; and there were those who wished to read intelligently.

In referring to works of imagination, Sir Walter said that the greatest quality possessed by writers of such works was "grip." As an instance of the power of a writer over a reader, he gave his own experience when he first read *The Light that Failed*. He placed Rudyard Kipling at the top of living writers, not only because he had always something to say, but because he had this marvellous power of "grip." As an example of this quality, he referred them to the marvellous recessionary hymn which appeared in the *Times* last year, at a time when they were all intoxicated with the idea of their own country's position. That hymn was a solemn warning to the nation, as solemn as the bell of St. Paul's, and it sank into their hearts, bringing them back to their senses. Whatever else he might or might not do, that hymn placed Rudyard Kipling's works amongst those which would never die.

Going back to those who read for pastime, he wished to point out that such a pastime was better for young men than walking about the streets with their sweethearts, or in drinking beer at a bar. In conclusion, he urged his hearers to further by all means in their power the Free Library movement in Islington. He regarded the establishment of free libraries as one of the best means to be adopted in saving the rates.

A VAGABOND POET.

"A CURIOUS vagabond," says the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, "was arrested on Friday, and brought before the magistrates of La Châtre, not far from Lyons."

On the president of the Court asking him his name, he replied:

'Onésime Loye, sir lawyer, is my name.'
'Age?'
'For fifty years, or more, I've proudly borne the same.'
'Your home?'
'The earth's my only bed, my roof the azure sky.'
'Profession?'
'To love, to pray, to sing, and a good Christian die.'
'You were begging?'
'I hungered, sir, for bread; surely no law of man
Could force me not to beg—could lay me 'neath a ban!'
'Why don't you write your verse? You seem an educated man.'
'Alas! the publishers are men with hearts of steel,
Who for a hungry poet no touch of pity feel.
'Come later," say they all, "and when you great have grown,
Then bring us of your verse, and we will make it known."'

This eloquent and poetic pleading had little effect upon the magistrate's stony heart, and Onésime Loye was sentenced to twenty-four hours in the lock-up. As he was being taken from the Court, he turned to the Bench and said, with a smile and a wave of the hand:

'I thank you, gentle sir; you give me rest and bed.
For four-and-twenty hours at least I shall be fed.'

For those of your readers who may be French scholars, I append the nomad poet's words as he actually spoke them. I beg to apologise for the somewhat free translation:

'Onésime Loye, c'est ainsi qu'on me nomme.
Voilà bien cinquante ans que je suis honnête homme.
La terre est mon seul lit—mon rideau, le ciel bleu
Aimer, chanter, prier, croire, espérer en Dieu. . . .
J'avais faim, magistrat, aucune loi du monde
Ne saurait m'arrêter quand mon estomac gronde.
Hélas! Les éditeurs sont de terribles gens,
Qui se montrent pour nous assez peu complaisants
"Quand vous serez célèbre," disent ils, "mon cher maître,
Nous nous occuperons de vous faire connaître."
Oh, magistrat merci! . . . Ton arrêt me sourit
Car pendant un grand jour je vais être nourri.'

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1898.

No. 1377, New Series.

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THE ACADEMY is published every Friday morning. Advertisements should reach the office not later than 4 p.m. on Thursday.

THE EDITOR will make every effort to return rejected contributions, provided a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MS. type-written.

All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

Offices: 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE following is the list of contents of Mr. Kipling's forthcoming volume of short stories, *The Day's Work*:

	PAGE
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MR. KIPLING, by the way, has been studying men-of-war's men at first hand on H.M.S. *Pelorus*. At a smoking concert given on the *Majestic*, in Bantry Bay, Mr. Kipling recited selections from *The Seven Seas*.

THE story of the production of Dr. Busch's *Secret Pages* of Bismarck's life, could it be fully told, would, we fancy, enrich the anecdotal history of the publishing trade. To begin, this book of European interest has the singular distinction of being published in London alone. There is no German edition, and probably none is possible; hence Messrs. Macmillan's work is being bought greedily by German readers. Again, the book has been produced with extraordinary speed. The author's preface is dated July 30; but his MS. came into Messrs. Macmillan's hands much later, and we do not think we betray a secret in stating that Messrs. Macmillan printed, bound, and produced this bulky two-volume work in nine days. And these facts leave out of account the steps by which Messrs. Macmillan secured the right to publish the book at all.

To the list of national memorials has now been added the cross in honour of Caedmon. Wednesday saw the ceremony of unveiling, in the old parish churchyard of Whitby, the cloth being removed from England's first Christian poet by the present Poet Laureate. We extract the following passage from Mr. Austin's address:

"Chaucer has been called the 'Morning Star of English Poetry,' but it seems to me that the designation would be more aptly applied to Caedmon, since, with the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, the glorious sunlight of English song already illuminated the horizon. But the somewhat rudimentary verse of Caedmon has all the tentative and hesitating character of yet imperfect dawn. He is the half-inarticulate father of English poets yet to be, and it is, as I understand it, not only to the lisping ancestor, but to his full-voiced descendants in this island throughout all time, that this memorial cross has been erected. For, if we look closely and carefully into the circumstances of his life and seek the cause and origin of his singing, we shall find that Caedmon serves, in all essentials, as the very type of the poet in all ages and all lands. To begin with, he was unlettered. I am aware there have been learned poets, though Milton is perhaps the only English poet of consequence who could so be described with any approach to accuracy. As a rule, poets have but small erudition, but large understanding; to understand rather than to know, to be wise rather than erudite, being the distinctive mark and mission of the poet. Very little learning equipped the greatest of English poets for universal apprehension, and Caedmon, his remote predecessor, was wholly unencumbered with the lumber of learning, and therefore all the more impressionable to the two main earthly sources of poetic inspiration—external nature and the human heart."

THERE are no surer signs of winter, not even the hips and haws of the country, or the straw in the 'busses in town, than books of nonsense for children. The first of what is certain to be a long series has reached our table: *The Everlasting Animals*, by Edith Jennings and Stuart Bevan. The publishers are a young firm, Messrs. Duckworth, and in thus anticipating all rivals they display the zeal that belongs to youth. We may have more to say about the book on another occasion. Here we wish merely to chronicle the fact that winter has begun.

MR. J. PENDEREL BRODHURST has this week retired from the editorship of the *St. James's Budget*, which he has held for over nine years. It was under Mr. Brodhurst's auspices that the paper was, five years and a half ago, converted into an illustrated journal. Mr. Brodhurst now becomes a member of the editorial staff of the *St. James's Gazette*, with which he has been more or less intimately associated since 1883.

As an instance of the enterprise which publishers are now, in this day of acute competition, required to exert, we may mention that emissaries from two publishing houses in London—and perhaps more—are on their way to Egypt to approach Herr Neufeld with a view of obtaining his account of imprisonment under the Mahdi and the Khalifa.

ANOTHER instance is the expedition organised by the proprietor of the *Wide World Magazine* to find Peter Jensen and extract his evidence on the De Rougemont case. In the restrained language of the advertisement:

"THE EXPEDITION TO THE WILDS OF NEW GUINEA TO BRING BACK PETER JENSEN

Starts immediately, and the whole world will wait breathlessly for a glimpse of M. DE ROUGEMONT'S pearly partner.

LOOK OUT FOR STARTLING AND ROMANTIC DEVELOPMENTS IN THIS ABSORBING STORY.

PETER JENSEN will be brought back from New Guinea by

The Wide World Magazine,

And the Story of his Amazing Escape and subsequent Adventures will also be narrated.

THE MOST GIGANTIC SENSATION OF THE CENTURY.

THINK OF THE MEETING BETWEEN M. DE ROUGEMONT AND PETER JENSEN!"

Exploration and the control of popular magazines seem to be now indissolubly united.

ANOTHER instance of enterprise is Mr. Grant Richards's announcement that he has acquired the English, American, and Continental rights—all rights, in fact, except those for France—of Major Esterhazy's account of the Dreyfus Case.

To a literary friend who saw him not long since, says the *Chronicle*, Mr. Ruskin made the remark: "I'm afraid the public take more interest in my books than I do now myself." At his home in Coniston, Mr. Ruskin has, in some degree, had to call in the use of a bath chair. From such a necessity his active instincts must have sadly rebelled. Apart from the trials of age, his general health, however, is wonderfully good.

THE new volume of the six-shilling edition of Mr. Meredith's novels has a frontispiece by Mr. Robert Sauber. The volume consists of "The Tale of Chloe," "The House on the Beach," "Farina," and "The Case of General Ople and Lady Camper." Mr. Sauber illustrates a stanza of the ballad of "The Duke and the Dairymaid" from the first-named story. The frontispiece to *One of Our Conquerors* in his edition will be by Mr. William Hyde.

MR. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON's *Aylwin*, a romance of the art world, will appear in England and America about the middle of next month. Messrs. Hurst & Blackett are the English publishers, and Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York, the American.

MR. LLOYD OSBOURNE has made a readable "Reader" (and all "Readers" are not readable) from Stevenson's works. But then he could not have done otherwise. There was the material, and he had but to extract passages and add a glossary. He offers both prose and verse, in all some seventy pieces, whereby children's elocution may be stimulated and trained, and schoolmasters tantalised exceedingly. In the

interests of education many things are doubtless fair, but we do not care to see a great writer thus minced and maltreated. A little writer will teach reading as serviceably. And now and then, in this volume, we come upon something that strikes a little oddly, as when François Villon lays bare his philosophy of living to the Lord of Brisetout, or Markheim spits the dealer. Such things are not to be wrenched from their context, and squeezed between prattle from *A Child's Garden* for the edification of the young. It is fair neither to the young nor to R. L. S.

MUCH more to the point, in every way, is a "Reader" which Messrs. Black send: *Battle-Pieces in Prose and Verse from Sir Walter Scott*.

MRS. RITCHIE's preface to the *Contributions to "Punch"* volume in the "Biographical" Thackeray contains a pleasant reminiscence of the old days when her father was regularly employed in writing and drawing for the Sage of Fleet-street:

"Turning over the pages of *Punch*, and looking at the familiar titles and histories and pictures, the circumstances under which all these were devised come vaguely back to my mind again. Suns long set begin to shine once more through the old Kensington study windows. My father's silvery-grey head is bending over his drawing-board as he sits at his work, serious, preoccupied, with the water-colour box open on the table beside him, and the tray full of well-remembered implements. To the writer her own childhood comes back and fills her world. The old friend who used to pose for him so often as a model in those days seems to be forty summers young again. There she is, sitting motionless and smiling, with black hair, in the stiff cane-bottom chair, while he draws on, and dabs in the shadows. The cane-bottom chair, 'that bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,' is gone, though one of its contemporaries still survives in our home; and as I look at the pictures of that time, and recognise one and another of the objects depicted there, I am always carried away from now to then. Why, the very coal-scuttle which Becky brought in with her own two hands still serves to warm the hearth where my family is assembled."

THACKERAY's reasons for breaking the *Punch* connexion in 1854 are given in a note to his mother:

"It was a general scorn and sadness which made me give up *Punch*, I think, more than anything else. I did not go with folks about the *Times*' abuse of the President. The later articles have been measured and full of dignity, I think, but the early writing was awfully dangerous. What we have to do is not to chafe him, but silently to get ready to fight him. Fancy his going down to his chambers with that article in the *Times*, in which he was called 'cutpurse' and his uncle 'assassin,' and that one of the *Examiner* on 'Killing no Murder,' and saying, 'See, gentlemen, the language of that perfidious Albion! Shall we suffer these insults, or reply to them by war?' Don't give any occasion to it by calling names, but when war comes, then, oh ye gods! will be the time for doing. You'll see I am hankering still to write a ballad or two without my name in *Punch*, or do something to show my old friends that I'm not quite separated from them."

While to a friend he wrote:

"I am in a fury with *Punch* for writing the 'Old Pám' article against the chief of foreign affairs. His conduct in the Kossuth affair just suited my Radical propensities. If he could have committed his Government to a more advanced policy, so much the better; and that ribald *Punch* must go and attack him for just the best thing he has ever done."

Mrs. Ritchie says that Thackeray wanted to wind up the series of "Prize Novelists" with parodies of Dickens and himself, but the proprietors of *Punch* would not allow it. Unwise people!

AMONG Mr. Lane's autumn books we notice an edition of White's *Selborne*, with a preface by Mr. Grant Allen and illustrations by Mr. E. H. New; a volume, edited by Mr. H. C. Marillier, dealing with the early work of Aubrey Beardsley; a new volume of essays by Mrs. Meynell, to be called *Bells and Shadows*; a new book of poems by Mr. Davidson, entitled *The Last Ballad* (not Mr. Davidson's last ballad, we trust); and a new book by Mr. Le Gallienne, entitled *A Vindication of Eve*.

MR. NEWBOLT's new volume will be published by Mr. Elkin Mathews. The title is *The Island Race*. *Admirals All* has reached its thirteenth edition.

THE latest resort of the minor poet seems to be the Agony Column. We do not refer to the matutinal couplets in praise of artificial curls, but to the poem by Miss Jane H. Oakley, which figured in the Agony Columns of the *Times* and *Standard* one day this week. This was the beginning:

"THE MOST PICTURESCAPE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY."

Through far fam'd Egypt's burning sand,
To reach the 'Kalif's' strongest stand,
A British force the tyrant fears
Comes—to wipe out a nation's tears.
As 'Father of Waters,' mighty Nile,
Rolls on, from many a distant mile,
Our British troops advance—like fate—
To show the world our deadly hate
Of cruel deeds by savage man,
Regaining, too, the lost 'Soudan.'
Twelve hundred miles! 'Atbara Ford'
There first we smote the Dervish horde,
And drove them back to 'Omdurman';
But now our troops must halt a span,
Till gunboats come to shell the town,
Our famous 'Sirdar's' plans to crown."

And this was the end:

"The foe has fled, the battle's won!
'Khartoum' is gained!—'City of the Palm.'
Our forces enter—every arm;
Our standard floats where 'Gordon' fell:
His death's avenged we now know well;
The glorious news all hearts reliev'd,
Britannia's honour stands retriev'd."

Not a great poem truly, but well meant; and how many poets are there willing to pay for their verses at agony advertisement rates? Our compliments to the author. We might add that the front page of the *Academy* is at the service of all bards, patriotic or otherwise, who care to engage space there.

THE first number of the revised *Critic*, in monthly form, is very bright and well

presented. The pictures are to the point, and the paragraphs maintain the "Lounger's" reputation for interest. Among other things that the *Critic* offers is this passage from an interview with Mr. Cab'e concerning his visit to England:

"The only complaint that the English make against us Americans is that we do not take ourselves seriously enough; that we do not appreciate our own greatness. As an example, they point to the fact that the American newspapers use expressions of surprise at the success of our arms in the present war. They say that the papers seem to regard it as quite an unexpected thing that our soldiers and sailors should be cool under fire and should display such heroism and excellence of discipline. In England they regard such traits as a matter of course."

To last week's *Saturday Review* Mr. Gosse contributed a charming "Kit-cat," of the late Stéphane Mallarmé. This is the kind of work in which Mr. Gosse excels. We quote one illuminating sentence: "I have a vision of him now, the little, brown, gentle person, trotting about in Bloomsbury with an elephant folio under his arm, trying to find Mr. Swinburne by the unassisted light of instinct."

APPROPOS of Mr. Gosse and his defence of M. Prévost, a contemporary suggests that in the verse in 1 Samuel xxvi., which adjoins that containing the metaphor of the partridge, the editor of the *Chronicle* might find words to express his contrition: "Behold I have played the fool, and have erred exceedingly."

WE have received from the Leeds Booksellers' Association a strongly worded letter, protesting against the article, "The Bookseller on Trial," which appeared in our last issue. Exception is taken to the fact that our contributor makes public the terms offered to the trade by Messrs. Macmillan, "for the public know far too much already on these matters, with the result that competition is made the keener." We should regret the insertion in our columns of anything offensive to booksellers, but we think the Leeds Association has quite misunderstood our contributor's remarks. He did not suggest that "the booksellers' allowance of ten shillings might be better spent in advertising the work more extensively, and in the publishers supplying the work direct to the purchaser." That is a question which will be decided by the way in which the booksellers push this new issue of *Green's History*. The object of our contributor's remarks was to show the importance to the booksellers of Messrs. Macmillan's new offer. He could not do this without giving particulars of that offer. Moreover, it has been the aim of the *Academy* to interest and to represent all those who are in any way connected with the production or the sale of books.

MR. MAX BEERBOHM has hit on an ingenious title for his forthcoming book. He calls it simply *More*. There are some writers who might resort to *No More*.

THE SCANSION CASE.

VERDICT AND SENTENCE.

A WEEK or two ago the great Scansion Case was before the British public, or a certain section of the public. It was not in the Divorce Court, nor in the Court of Common Pleas, nor yet before Her Majesty's Judges in Chancery; it turned not on racing, nor swindling, nor burglary, nor libel—though it had a certain affinity with the latter. It was a case for a Court of Minnesingers, did we possess such an institution. It turned on the laws of verse, and ran through the court of the evening *Star*. The court pronounced no decision. Naturally, therefore, the matter comes up for review before the High Court of the ACADEMY. Equally naturally, the affair has been held over, that we might have time to go into the dossier of the case—following the precedent established in the *affaire Dreyfus*. The contending parties are "J. D." and Mr. Stephen Phillips. Who is "J. D."? It cannot be Dreyfus—that supposition is forbidden by the first initial and the French authorities. A mere poet might possibly contend for John Davidson. Our own theory is one that will commend itself to all legal persons. We hold that "J. D." is none other than the celebrated and litigious individual who from time immemorial has carried on law proceedings against the no less celebrated and indomitable Richard Roe. Need we say that we mean John Doe? As to Mr. Stephen Phillips, the case is clearer, though the testimony is mixed. "J. D." himself (or provisionally John Doe), in the outset of the case, declared him to be a "new poet," author of "masterpieces" for which it was too late in the day to "coin adulatory epithets"; a "great blank-verse writer," a poet who "is so great that I would have him greater." But "long or a' the play was played," "J. D." surmised he had been "too adulatory," begged to "remind Mr. Phillips that he lives in an age of poeticules" (there is no more fearful wild fowl living than your poeticule), and that "there is only one great poet in our midst"; he told Mr. Phillips that it would take many minor bards such as he to make a Swinburne, and accused him of being a bardling who had soared to the peak of Parnassus on an inflated balloon of egoism. It is very rash and reprehensible for a man to have anything to do with such ticklish craft as inflated balloons of egoism, and we hope Mr. Phillips has not been so incautious. For the rest, you have "J. D.'s" views, and you can take your choice—there is plenty of it.

The case, briefly, is, that "J. D." accused Mr. Stephen Phillips of passing upon the public bad metrical coin; and incidentally called him (in a strictly metrical sense) a babe and suckling. Mr. Phillips denied the charge, and considered "babe and suckling" a false and defamatory expression. The difficulty of summing-up the proceedings clearly is, that besides the original plaintiff and defendant there are no fewer than three others intervening by letter in the case, and introducing into it fresh matter. Setting aside these as unnecessary to the original plead-

ings, we will adhere as far as possible to the two protagonists.

The plaintiff, then, set forth that in his volume of *Poems* Mr. Phillips did wilfully issue to the public no less than four illegal and unscannable lines, to the auricular distress and hurt of Her Majesty's lieges, the readers of the said book; among whom he (the said plaintiff, "J. D.") had especially suffered grievous pain of ear, and had further been put to the loss of a certain amount of time and ink in protesting against this illegal act. The lines were:

- (a) "Above my head the fields murmur and wave."
- (b) "Realises all the uncoloured dawn."
- (c) "O but I gloried and drank and wept and laughed."
- (d) "The Titan bowed, coming upon them, and seemed."

Line (a) was wrong, said plaintiff, because you have to accent "murmur" on the second syllable. Line (b) was wrong, because you have to read it thus:

"Realises all the uncoloured dawn,"

which gives only four accents to the line instead of five. Line (c) was wrong, because "gloried and" was an inadmissible elision. Line (d) was wrong, because "upon them and" was an impossible elision. From all which it was clear that Mr. Phillips had an uncertain ear, and was a metrical babe and suckling. At the same time, he bears that high testimony to the general excellence of Mr. Phillips's poetical character which we have already quoted.

Defendant answers categorically. In line (a) the accent is *not* on the second syllable of "murmur." "Murmur" is read as a trochee. In line (b) the accentuation is thus:

"Réalises all the uncoloured dawn."

So there are five accents after all. The unusual system of accents expresses a special emotion. As for line (c), the elision (or "slur," as Mr. Phillips better calls it) in "gloried and" is so common as to need no defence, and gives the line the right lilt. He overlooks line (d), and introduces another line which we shall neglect, because the dispute on it ends unsatisfactorily. Defendant gets angry, and not only says that he is weaving harmonies of his own on metrical law which he understands, but makes remarks less judicious, and sweeping. He knew years ago far more about metre than his critics have yet learned. Which, though we profoundly believe, yet we hold it not wisdom to have thus set down.

Plaintiff returns to the charge, and amends his pleading. If "murmur" is to be a trochee in line (a), then defendant has no business with a trochee in the fourth foot. Why? Because Milton never has a trochee in the fourth foot, unless to mark a pause after the third foot. As for line (b), defendant must not use three trochees running, as he does in the opening of the line. Again, because Milton never does it. Nor does he see that the accentuation expresses the emotion of the line. Trochees

express only mirth. So in line (c) he cannot perceive the advantage of the "lilt." Moreover, you cannot elide "ied." Milton never does it. And he again calls defendant's attention to the unnoticed line (d), where he has elided the letter "m"—an awful act. Plaintiff also loses his temper, and makes the remarks about that weird aeronautic voyage to Parnassus on inflated balloons of egoism. End of Second Day.

Mr. Phillips opens his closing speech with spirit. On the point of line (a), he gives a string of examples where Milton uses a trochee in the fourth foot, and not after a stop. One example will suffice:

"Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams."

In defence of line (b) he tries to quote lines from Milton starting with three trochees; but they are hardly parallel to his own, and his success is indifferent. He shows "J. D." to be wrong about the trochee always making for mirth—the point hardly needed an answer. For the elision of "gloried and drank" in line (c) he attempts to quote parallels from Milton. Lastly, as to line (d), he declares that Milton elides the "m," and quotes examples. He perorates with something very like a cock-crow.

"J. D." answers for the prosecution. As to line (a), all the examples of a trochee in the fourth foot which defendant quotes from Milton he asserts are failures. Either the fourth foot is not a trochee or it does not follow an iambic foot, or (and this is "J. D.'s" point) there is a pause before it, though the pause is not indicated by a stop. We shall return to this in our summing-up. The Miltonic precedents brought by Mr. Phillips for his string of trochees in line (b) he easily disposes of, showing that they are wrongly scanned, or otherwise ineffectual. As to the emotional effects to be got from trochees, he has no case, and abuses defendant's ear. He pooh-poohs the precedents cited from Milton for the elision of "gloried and drank" in line (c), but does not deal with them. Instead, he pours exultant invective on defendant for a mere slip of expression in speaking of the elision. Finally, he takes triumphant revenge over line (d), where Mr. Phillips is certainly mistaken in attributing to Milton the elision of the letter "m," and has scanned the lines falsely. He perorates with a whoop of derisive triumph, and the case is ended—to our, and probably the editor's, gratification.

It is a very pretty little quarrel, the ACADEMY must pronounce in summing-up, but it has hardly enlightened the public on metre. Even in our carefully succinct summary, it is technical and not easy to follow. But the original quadrangular duel was a strange tangle of swordpoints indeed. Both sides strayed from the real question at issue. In regard to the first line about which he was attacked, Mr. Phillips fairly carried his point. That Milton used a trochee in the fourth foot, with or without pause, is clearly shown by the one line we quoted from Mr. Phillips's letter:

"Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams."

"Gilds with" is a trochee, it is in the fourth foot, and follows an iambic foot. And it is absurd to say there is a pause between "sun" and "gilds." What, indeed, can be more continuous in sense than a verb immediately following its subject? But we see no necessity to prove that Milton used it. Granted the general license to use a trochee occasionally in the course of an iambic line, the place in which it is used must depend on the effect required. It is pedantry to say that you must use it in no place where it has not been used by some great poet before you; that, in fact, you must use no effect unless you can cite a precedent for it. Mr. Phillips, seeking his own effects of harmony, uses the means conducive to them. What understander of metre will search the records to see whether the like has been done before, and not rather ask, "Is the effect appropriate or beautiful?"

But the whole point of this quarrel turns on elision. Mr. Phillips has missed his real defence and point of vantage, which sets on one side all the petty details raised by "J. D." The plaintiff, like the mass of critics, is mistaken as to the very meaning of elision. He actually thinks, for instance, that "murmur and wave" should be read "murm'rand wave." He says so. Now elision, in the practice of the great Elizabethans and their successors, meant not the missing out of a syllable, but the rapid gliding over it. The two syllables were pronounced in the time of one, that was all. It was the dull eighteenth century which began to write such passages with the vowel actually omitted, and so started a false tradition. The question is simply, therefore, whether two syllables are light enough to be pronounced in the time of one, not whether one of them can be eliminated before the other. Again, in modern blank verse actual anapæsts are not infrequently used for special effects. For instance, Tennyson ends the line describing the flight of Excalibur with the words, "And whirled in an arch." You cannot even glide over the syllables, "in an arch." It is a pure anapæst. On this ground alone Mr. Phillips's "gloried and drank" could be defended. As a matter of fact, the liquid "r" followed by the vowel-sound "io" makes the final syllable of "gloried" so rapid in pronunciation that we think the case midway between elision proper and the use of the anapæst. Let this true meaning of elision be better understood, and there will be less mechanical criticism of metre. At the same time, we admit the line, "Realises all the uncoloured dawn," to be a quite unusual bit of daring handling, not covered by our remarks about elision, and only to be justified by its expressiveness—on which tastes may differ. Lastly, might we suggest that both parties to this case might be "cast" in apologies? The defendant to recant the somewhat self-conscious assertion of his metrical profundity—with all the more grace because he must be adjudged mainly the successful party! The defendant—well, the defendant might withdraw that imputed journey to Parnassus on "inflated balloons of egoism."

WAS HAMLET MACBETH?

* AND WAS SHAKESPEARE BOTH?

MR. FRANK HARRIS, a few weeks ago, contended in the *Saturday Review* that, with slight variations, Romeo is identical with Hamlet, Hamlet with Macbeth, and Macbeth with Shakespeare. "The portrait," he writes, "we find in Romeo and Jaques first, and then in Hamlet, and afterwards in Macbeth, is Shakespeare's self." The larger issues which are involved in this contention may wait until the scattered instalments of the "Essay in Realistic Criticism" are collected together in one cover; but the present production of "Macbeth" at the Lyceum Theatre makes it timely to test the strength of a single link in Mr. Harris's chain of argument. We have chapter and verse to start from. "If it were necessary," runs a sentence in his article,

"one could begin with the very first words Macbeth utters in the play, and go on to the very last, and declare that each and all of them are from Hamlet's mind and heart."

If it were necessary, we may echo, the thing might be reduced to an absurdity. By a very slight extension of the license of realistic criticism, the trinity of tragic characters, which Mr. Harris adduces as identical, might conceivably be expanded to include the anonymous murderers of Banquo and Fleance. We can imagine a future Mr. Harris, in a later *Saturday Review*, arguing somewhat in this wise: Even these human weapons needed the whetstone of persuasion before they could nerve themselves to their deed of blood. Their first interview with Macbeth is not recorded in the play; but he certainly "made it known" to them—they do not admit his "made it good"—that Banquo was their enemy and oppressor. *Ergo*, they were men of gentle nature, upon whom an inevitable fate had laid a harsh necessity. *Ergo*, Romeo is identical with Hamlet, Hamlet with Macbeth, Macbeth with the First and Second Murderers, and that these are identical with Shakespeare; and the Mr. Harris of our fancy will quote, as a revelation of "Hamlet's mind and heart," the First Murderer's philosophy:

"And I another
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance
To mend it or be rid on't."

"An older Hamlet," we can almost hear him protesting, "but unmistakably the same as he who reflected:

"By a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural
shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished."

But it is not necessary to go so far afield. The identity of the portrait, which Mr. Harris proposes, does not seem to us to be established, and "the slight shades of difference between Hamlet and Macbeth," which he claims as strengthening his conviction, may be traced to an original difference in the conception of their characters. Both are irresolute by nature; but we believe that a distinction must be

drawn between the causes of their irresoluteness, in the sense that Hamlet's lay in the motive, Macbeth's in the consequence, of his deeds. Hamlet lacked the sanction of power, the supreme gift of the Happy Warrior; Macbeth, the assurance of success. For transpose their parts for a moment. How would each have acted in the other's place? Could Hamlet, as Shakespeare has drawn him, ever have consented to "file his mind" by gentle Duncan's murder? The thing is inconceivable. He had trouble enough to set the world right; he would never have been tempted to set it wrong. He did not possess that vaulting ambition which Macbeth ascribes to himself—the vain ambition of Lady Macbeth's analysis, which would wrongly win, and yet would not play false. We cannot fancy Hamlet exposed to Lady Macbeth's influence, except to abhor her and unmask her. And now put Macbeth, with Lady Macbeth, his complementary part, in Hamlet's shoes. Would she ever have rested until she had placed him—until they had placed themselves, for the two become one—on the usurped Danish throne, by secret guile, if not by open scandal? They would have turned the ghost's information to their own advantage, and we can imagine Macbeth's "milk of human kindness" running over in meagre pity for the perturbed Spirit. The play-acting scene, which seemed to Hamlet's scrupulous sense so fine a means of vengeance, would not have commended itself to either. To Lady Macbeth it would have seemed a cumbersome and childish mode of seating herself on Gertrude's throne, and Macbeth himself would have rejected it on the ground that it was not rapid, and neither certain nor complete.

The thing must be felt as well as stated; but a few examples may be cited. At every turn of Hamlet's "pale cast of thought," he is perplexed by his anxiety to suit the action to its motive—

"And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action."

His enterprise continually lost the name of action. When Polonius summoned him to his mother's apartment, he prayed:

"O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none";

and he hesitates to strike the king at his devotions, because "this is hire and salary, not revenge." Macbeth, we may be sure, would have "done it pat." He would have gained his object by one blow, struck, by choice, in the dark. Before his first crime, he reflected:

"If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,"

and his subsequent crimes were a series of febrile endeavours to trammel up the consequence of the first. He hated the deeds so much that he would have concealed them from himself, as he sought to conceal them from his wife, and the very effort of conceal-

ment conjured them in bodily presence to his eyes:

"The time has been
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools; this is more strange
Than such a murder is."

This man, whose one notion is to perfect his position, to sit securely on the stool which he has usurped, is hurried from bloodshed to bloodshed, in the vain endeavour to kill the enemies in his path; and still they seem to bear charmed lives, and still they haunt him after death, until he hits out wildly in an unequal fight against men and ghosts at once. In all this there is nothing of Hamlet, nothing of the Prince who complained:

"How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge. . . .
Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event—
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward—I do not know
Why yet I live to say 'this thing's to do,'
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength,
and means
To do 't. Examples gross as earth exhort me."

Macbeth had to make his occasions; and his trouble was that, when he had seized them, the reward was withheld by supernatural hands. We feel that, if he had had a tithe of Hamlet's opportunities, he would have turned his revenge to immediate gain, and have made a very fair King of Denmark:

"To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus: our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd.

. . . Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to
peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.

For mine own good
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

In none of these passages, which, as the reader knows, can be largely multiplied, are we able to discover the same species of cowardice as that to which Hamlet confessed. Macbeth's battle against fate for his own safety, health, peace, and good, is not conceived in the likeness of the Prince,

"That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command,"

nor yet in Romeo's nor another's. And the "Hamlet melancholy" in Macbeth's soliloquies, of which Mr. Harris writes; the "strange murderer who longs for 'troops of friends'"; "the essential identity of the two characters" which "the crying difference in situation only brings out"—what becomes of all this if we agree that each must have

acted differently had their situations been reversed? Surely the reflections in the soliloquies are perfectly natural to the man who was the victim of "equivocating fiends" and of opportunities which fell short of his baser ambitions. The "noble" Macbeth of Banquo's first introduction, who dies with the harness of his own manufacture on his back, had adventured enough in life to conclude that

"It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

He had had visions of success bright enough to regret:

"That which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,"

and the blind fears which had hurried him from the skirts of one hope to another had hardened his senses, not his heart:

"The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me."

A dramatist may draw two types of irresoluteness and yet not make them alike; and it is a dangerous hobby to mount, to conclude from this predilection for the type that the dramatist himself was such-and-such. But it is too soon as yet to discuss Mr. Harris's essay as a whole. The inference from the style to the man, which his realistic criticism attempts, is a very fruitful theme; and he may well succeed in proving from the speeches in "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" that Shakespeare's mind had a certain colour and a definite preference of thought. We may instance the argument to music in especial, and may note, in passing, as a negative proof against the identity theorem, that Macbeth is nowhere credited with that supreme sanction of gentleness. But the larger conclusion, which Mr. Harris's essay may or may not eventually reach, will be independent of the intermediate links by which he is building it up. It is not necessary to suppose that Romeo-Jaques is identical with Hamlet and Hamlet with Macbeth, in order to infer Shakespeare from them. At least, in the case of Shakespeare's two greatest characters, we reserve, for the present, our right to distinguish them.

LITERARY HOLBORN.

WHILE these words are being written the last stones of the archway which a few months ago supported, and gave admittance to, Furnival's Inn, Holborn, are being taken down [a week has elapsed and they are gone!]. The keystone bears [bore] the date 1818. Under it Charles Dickens passed, in the flush of youth, to sign his contract to write the *Pickwick Papers*. Here, in his chambers on the third storey, the earlier chapters of that work were written. Next door to Furnival's, in pitiful plight, stands, or rather staggers, an inn which Dickens

must have loved, the old "Bell and Crown" inn, or Ridler's Hotel. Here, too, the crowbar has been busy. The roof of this comfortable tavern has been torn off; the windows are gaping squares; the old-fashioned wall-papers of its upper rooms are exposed to the weather, and the derision of modern taste; and the dust, rising in clouds, and glittering in the sun, signals the fall of an inn which was a place of rest and quiet breathing. The old "Bell and Crown" was the typical inn of literature: such inns are never replaced. It was to the "Bell and Crown" that Tom Hood's ruralising Cockney sent back his longing thoughts from Porkington-place:

"Well, the country's a pleasant place, sure enough,
For people that's country born,
And useful, no doubt, in a natural way,
For growing our grass and corn.

Howsoever my mind's made up, and
although I'm sure cousin Giles will be vexed,

I mean to book me an inside place up to town upon Saturday next,
And if nothing happens, soon after ten, I shall be at the old *Bell and Crown*,
And perhaps I may come to the country again, when London is all burnt down."

It may be remarked that Hood had some warrant for his portrait of a Londoner, wistful of Holborn when surrounded by dairy delights. Under Furnival's Inn—not the building just destroyed, but its predecessor—there was a cider vault kept by one John Grey. This man, after years of attendance on his customers, had made a decent fortune, and was able to buy an estate in Yorkshire, to which he retired. But the rôle of country squire became tedious to him. The merry clatter of hoofs on Holborn was ever in his ears; and finally he returned to London and offered to buy back his old cider cellar. Failing in this, he proposed to become a waiter where he had formerly been master; and he did so, drawing a salary to the day of his death. The story may have haunted Hood's brain.

Opposite to the "Bell and Crown," on the south side of Holborn, the fate of the old "Black Swan" is trembling in the balance. A portion of the building has been acquired, and will be preserved; but the rest may come down. In any case the building will lose much of its familiar appearance. It was built by Government to replace the old Distillery, which figures in *Barnaby Rudge* as the focus of the horrors of the Gordon riots. The mob reached its most frenzied mood in Holborn, and the sight of the Distillery unloosed its last reserves of fury. The house was attacked in front, and scores of spirit casks were broached. Dickens's description of the scene is in his most downright vein:

"The gutters of the street, and every crack and fissure in the stones, ran scorching spirit, which, being turned up by busy hands, overflowed the road and pavement, and formed a great pool, in which the people dropped down dead in dozens. They lay in heaps all around this fearful pond, husbands and wives, fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, women with children in their arms and babies at their breast, and drank until they died. While some stooped with their lips to the brink and never

raised their heads again, others sprang up from their fiery draught, and danced, half in a mad triumph, and half in the agony of suffocation, until they fell and steeped their corpses in the liquor that had killed them. Nor was even this the worst or most appalling kind of death that happened on this fatal night. From the burning collars, where they drank out of hats, pails, buckets, tubs, or shoes, some men were drawn alive, but all alight from head to foot; who, in their unendurable anguish and suffering, making for anything that had the look of water, rolled, hissing, in this hideous lake, and splashed up liquid fire which lapped in all it met with as it ran along the surface, and neither spared the living nor the dead."

From these tragic memories it is easy to pass to others of a mild and radiant kind; for in Holborn the pickaxe is heard on every hand, and at every blow some memory starts to life. A little farther westward, on the north side of the street, there is a gap from which clouds of engine-smoke roll across the traffic. Here, in Fuller's, or Fulwood's, Rents, a shaft of the new electric railway is sunk on the very sight of Squire's and other coffee houses of ripe memory. Several of Addison's *Spectators* were dated from Squire's; and where the chain now grates on its windlass, and the whistle shrieks discordant, the good knight and the "Spectator" met for quiet talk. Sir Rogers's venerable figure drew the eyes of the whole room upon him, and

"he had no sooner seated himself at the upper End of the high Table, but he called for a clean Pipe, a Paper of Tobacco, a Dish of Coffee, a Wax-Candle, and the *Supplement* with such an Air of Cheerfulness and Good-humour, that all the Boys in the Coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several Errands, inasmuch that no Body else could come at a Dish of Tea, till the Knight had got all his Conveniences about him."

Another *Spectator* memory of Fuller's Rents may be recalled: it has a flavour which will cling to the spot even when the railway begins its carrying work. "This is to give notice," runs an advertisement in the *Spectator*, "that the three Criticks who last Sunday settled the characters of my Lord Rochester and Boileau, in the Yard of a Coffee House in Fuller's Rents, will meet this next Sunday at the same Time and Place, to finish the merits of several Dramatick Writers, and will also make an end of the Nature of the True Sublime." It is not recorded whether these gentlemen made an end of the Sublime. But Time, the greatest critic of all, is making an end of old Holborn.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

STEPHANE MALLARMÉ.

IN one of his dark pages—the darker since it will never be known if they were meant as a deliberate mystification or if the poet understood expression sincerely as a kind of Chinese puzzle—Mallarmé speaks of "the exquisite vacation from oneself." When M. Mallarmé, a simple and excellent professor of English in a French college,

was not expounding the beauties of the English tongue to a circle of admiring students, who, I suspect, relished the poet for the singularly sympathetic and charming qualities of the man, it is charitable to assume that he was in frequent vacation from himself. Then it was he divagated, and wrote a language quite the most extraordinary and incomprehensible of the earth. Yet open a volume of his, and you will be surprised by the look of exquisite limpidity of the prose, by the appearance of incomparable polish of the verse.

The fact is, Mallarmé was a writer guided by sight, and not by ear or sense. What he writes is not meant to be read aloud or to be understood; it is written to be looked at. The juxtaposition of words is arranged for him, not by what these convey to the intelligence, but by their distinguished elegance, by their graceful look. They may mean nothing at all, or simply the grotesque. The thing for the printed page is to furnish evidence of choice.

"Is it willingly," Daudet once asked him, "that you have retired into *tenebræ* that the world may not follow you, to be alone with the elect, with yourself, with your dream—or is it involuntarily?" The delicious malice of Daudet's question rests for ever in interrogation. That "involuntarily" is delightful. To be sure, Mallarmé has his answer: "But, my dear fellow, the mere operation of writing consists in putting black upon white." Mallarmé never did anything else. Here is a page chosen at random, and heaven knows if they lack in the slender collection of his works—those impenetrable pages written in an unknown tongue, in the scorn of syntax, whose meaning he himself would describe as "abscuse." The word is a favourite of his, as is the condition in intelligence. He describes an afternoon in which his lucidity is veiled in mental somnolence. He fancies a woman's skirts invades his solitude, and thus addresses the unseen lady (I could neither translate Mallarmé into French nor English, not often having the ghost of an idea what he means! Perhaps another reader will be more fortunate, and furnish me with the clue of this passage, which, I own, looks very pretty and simple in print):

"A quel type s'ajustent vos traits, je sens leur précision, Madame, interrompre chose installée ici par le bruissement d'une venue oui! Ce charme instinctif d'en dessous que ne défend pas contre l'explorateur la plus authentiquement nouée, avec une boucle en diamant, des ceintures. Si vague concept se suffit; et ne transgresse point le délice empreint de généralité qui permet et ordonne d'exclure tous visages, au point que la révélation d'un (n'allez point le pencher, avéré, sur le furtif seuil où je règne) chasserait mon trouble, avec lequel il n'a que faire."

There, if there exists an honest French or English man who can *prove* to me (not state merely) that he understands that page, and can convince me that it really means something, I am willing to bestow on him my last five-pound note. And when he has accomplished that astounding feat, let him kindly construe into French, or English, or even modest Chinese, which ought to be considerably easier than Mallarmé's private

and very personal language, this mysterious sonnet:

"A la une accablante, nu
basse de basalte et de laves
à même des échos esclaves
par une trompe sans vertu
quel sépulchral naufrage (tu
le sais, écume, mais y laves)
suprême une entre les épaves
aboli le mât dévêtu,
ou cela que furiboni faute
de quelques perdition haute
tout l'abîme vani éployé
dans le si blanc cheveu qui traîne
avanement aura noyé
le flanc enfant d'une sirène."

For a prince of poets, confess that this is indeed a royal mystification. But there are a large gathering of mortals who reverse the talents of the sailor's parrot, and loudly admire the more the less they understand. Yet, strange to say, the man who could make this brutal assault upon our patience could now and then write verses suave and delicate and simple. I remember an essay by his cousin, M. Paul Marguerite, the novelist, who, in chatting about Mallarmé's little theatre at Valvins, where he died, quotes a couple of really charming sonnets actually written in French. Here is the summer adieu, recited by the poet's daughter to the friendly audience:

"Avec le soleil nous partons
Pour revenir au temps des roses,
Sans or, O Gilles et Martons!
Avec le soleil nous partons.
Mais il nous reste en nos cartons
De quoi chasser les jours moroses.
Avec le soleil nous partons
Pour revenir au temps des roses."

Who could ask for anything prettier clearer, more delicately musical? It is as sweet as an old French song. The haunting quality of these two lines:

"Avec le soleil nous partons
Pour revenir au temps des roses"

—has an echo of Ronsard. From time to time, in his rare lucid moments, he is rich in evocative charm. Take this lovely sculptured and luminous picture of the Faun on a hot afternoon, squeezing the grape and then laughingly watching the light through the mellow skin:

"Ainsi quand des raisins j'ai sucé la clarté
Pour bannir un regret par ma feinte écarté
Rieur, j'éleve au ciel d'été la grappe vide
Et soufflant dans ses peaux lumineuses, avide
D'ivresse, jusqu'au soir je regarde au travers."

Whoever gave in five lines a more delicate and voluptuous charm to drunkenness? It is as sunny as the grape itself, as witching as the still perfumed woods of southern shores. Fine lines light up the obscurity like jewels.

"Mordant au citron d'or de l'idéal amer"
is unforgettable. Of a rare and radiant beauty also are those lines in *Apparition*:

"... Tu m'es en riant apparue
Et j'ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de clarté
Qui jadis, sur mes beaux sommeils d'enfant
gâté
Passait laissant toujours de ses mains mal
fermées,
Neigir de blancs bouquets d'étoiles par-
fumées."

But lines like these—star-points in the heavy dusk of night—hardly explain to us the "culte" of Mallarmé and his title of "prince of poets," which greeted him on Verlaine's death. Now we hear that Heredia, in his stead, is the prince. Well done! That's a sovereignty we understand and accept. After night daylight. Perhaps Mallarmé's unexplained charm lies in the singularly rich effect of vision conveyed in seizing and quaint adjectives. At his best and clearest his originality is certainly distinguished for its sober elegance. "L'Azur attendri d'Octobre pâle et pur," which is all he says of softened sky and landscape, is a fair example of this haughty restraint so characteristic of him when at odd moments he condescends to be intelligible.

But will he live as other than a mad, strange sample of decadent French genius fallen into a kind of feline, unsoundable reverie? For his best verse has something of the deep green mystery of a dreaming cat's regard.

H. L.

DRAMA.

"MACBETH" AT THE LYCEUM.

PERSONALITY IN ACTING.

THE other day a diligent copymaker on one of the Paris newspapers entertained his readers with a collection of opinions, derived from dramatic authors, on the question whether actors, properly speaking, "created parts," or merely reflected the ideas entrusted to them. Naturally, the opinions were various, the actor being regarded either as a good or a bad collaborator according to circumstances—good when his personality happened to fit in with the author's conception of a character; bad when it differed from, or conflicted with, it. My own experience in the matter is small, but I well remember that in a couple of pieces of mine which were played in London some years ago the actors, in certain instances, vivified and defined my ideas—in fact, improved upon them; while in others, as M. Marcel Prévost puts it, they presented "images" more or less "deformed" in outline. Certain it is that the actor, whatever his abstract conception of a character may be, is, to a great extent, the slave of his personality. Theoretically, he adapts himself to his part; practically, his success is most assured when the part is adapted to his personality. This is so well understood by dramatists of experience, that they write, as far as possible, with a particular company of actors in view. The actor-manager has often been blamed for his habit of standing in the middle of the stage, and being fitted with a part as a tailor fits his customer with a coat; but there is no doubt that by this means success for author and actor alike is most easily and surely achieved. A dramatist who writes without regard to his interpreters is somewhat in the position of an artist who paints a picture in the dark; the result when the work comes to be exposed to the glare of the footlights may be either better or worse

than he anticipated—it can never be exactly the same. This is why writing a play is so much like drawing a number in a lottery. The novelist or the essayist stands or falls by his own handiwork; the dramatist is at the mercy of half-a-dozen collaborators, who only approximately realise his conceptions, and he is fortunate if his picture, retouched by so many hands, comes out as an harmonious whole.

THE bearing of these remarks upon Mr. Forbes-Robertson's revival of "Macbeth" at the Lyceum is obvious. What a wholly different play it is, to be sure, from that which was presented on these same boards by Sir Henry Irving nine or ten years ago! Shakespeare would probably have found it difficult in either case to recognise his own handiwork. Sir Henry Irving's rendering was the widest departure from tradition that the stage has seen. As the rude, stalwart soldier, physically brave, but morally weak, lay beyond his compass, he gave us an intellectually subtle, poltroonish, uxorious Macbeth, swayed partly by "skye influences," but more by the passionate entreaties of a wife to whom he was devotedly attached; while Miss Ellen Terry for her part depicted Lady Macbeth as the fond and tender spouse, ambitious solely for her lord's advancement. So much for personality. The picture so presented was consistent enough after its fashion, but as unlike the traditional view of "Macbeth" as night from day. In the present case we have a rendering of the tragedy similarly governed and limited by the personality of the chief performers.

MR. FORBES ROBERTSON is an actor possessed of a rare intellectuality and refinement, whose Hamlet placed him in the forefront of Shakespearian actors. But the very qualities that contributed to his success as the scholarly, philosophic Prince militate against his assumption of the rude and impetuous Scottish thane. That he is too true an artist to do violence to the text one sees at a glance. He knows the tradition of the part and would adhere to it. In physical make-up he is all but perfect, a living portrait of the uncouth, unkempt Scottish chieftain of the eleventh century. But the effort to accommodate himself to a part so wholly at variance with his personality checks his spontaneity. Laying aside the gifts with which he is accustomed to conquer his public, he fights the battle like a man with one hand tied behind his back, the result being a certain tameness or flatness in the performance which is painfully felt in comparison with the vigour and vitality of the Macduff of the cast, a part spiritedly embodied by Mr. Robert Taber. This latest Macbeth, in a word, is a gratification to the eye but a disappointment to the understanding. Although not definitely acknowledged as a factor in dramatic art, the limitations of personality are practically recognised in what are known as "lines of business." Every actor has his line—a sort of part in which he admittedly excels; and, presumably, it is not his intelligence which confines him to this groove, but his physical means of giving expression to his ideas. Nevertheless, the

Shakespearian actor is supposed to range over the entire field of human nature: to pass at will "from gay to grave, from lively to severe." On no other hypothesis could we suppose a first-rate Hamlet undertaking the part of Macbeth. Mr. Forbes Robertson's comparative failure in Macbeth is in no wise derogatory to his powers as an actor; it only shows that the actor's personality will assert itself, whether recognised or not.

HAPPY the actor who knows his limitations; and the actress too! for thereby much chagrin and heartburning is avoided. The objection I have taken to Mr. Forbes Robertson's Macbeth applies with still greater force to the Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Clever actress as she is in the line of the modern adventures—all her powers were revealed like a flash in the part of the second Mrs. Tanqueray—she is one of the most hopelessly uninspiring Lady Macbeths that I remember to have seen. Her murderous counsels are delivered without conviction, while her remorse is without a shred of plausibility or pathos. Nothing in her rendering of the part conveys the smallest thrill or shudder to the house. Her very sleep-walking lacks impressiveness; she gives one the idea that she is a woman awake, hoping to conquer sleep by a little nocturnal exercise. With a personality typically modern, not to say decadent, like hers, the attempt upon which Mrs. Patrick Campbell is engaged, to conquer a Shakespearian reputation, appears to me a wholly mistaken one. Manner, look, accent, enunciation, temperament—everything is against her. A more striking example of the limitations of personality it would be hard to find.

APPARENTLY, melodrama is degenerating into a rivalry between authors in the production of mechanical sensation, to which everything is sacrificed. The genesis of "The Great Ruby," given at Drury Lane, for example, is very obvious. Last year Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton contrived a deadly hand-to-hand fight between divers at the bottom of the sea. In the present instance they have reasoned with themselves, Why not go to the opposite extreme—from the waters underneath the earth to the air above—and thrill the public with a life and death struggle between two men in a balloon? The great diamond robbery committed in Piccadilly last autumn while this sensation was in process of being concocted must have suggested the motive of such a struggle, the obtaining possession of a stolen jewel of great price. With these ideas the authors must have sat down to write, working back from the balloon to the robbery of the "great ruby" from a jeweller's shop in Bond-street by the "diamond gang." Nevertheless, they are not ideas of a very tractable kind, for, although the robbery constitutes an effective first act, the authors have not succeeded in working in their balloon sensation without a considerable sacrifice of plausibility. Like the famous "pattes de mouche" of Sardou, the stolen ruby passes through a variety of adventures until it finds itself innocently

enough in the bag of an army officer, who supposes it to be a box of chocolate. The gang who have lost it get wind of its whereabouts, and take their measures for recovering it by violent means. But the balloon! Well, the fateful jewel, observe, is in the bag of an army officer, and he is engaged, if you please, in official ballooning experiments on Hampstead Heath. Hither come the gang and also the police, who are closing in upon them. The balloon stands there, inflated, all ready for an ascent. In a trice the desperadoes gag the officer and possess themselves of the ruby; but the police are upon them: three of them are captured, two jump into the car of the balloon, cut the ropes, and carry on their life and death struggle in mid air, *secundum artem*. The "sensation" brings down the house, and presumably ranks as a great Drury Lane success. As to the play—alas! there is no play, but only a newspaper account of a robbery and of the tracking of the thieves, cut into appropriate lengths, and eked out with padding.

J. F. N.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CORYDON'S BOOKCASE.

SIR,—Though I dare not flatter myself that my opinions are of any value, yet, as one whose ideal of enjoyment is to spend six hours a day in reading, I venture to suggest the following list of books for Corydon's holiday library:

1. *The Rubáiyát* (FitzGerald's version).
2. Theocritus.
3. Virgil's *Georgics*.
4. Marcus Aurelius.
5. *The Confessions* of S. Augustine.
6. Shelley's *Prometheus, Adonais, Cloud, and Skylark*.
7. Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*.
8. Tennyson (complete pocket edition).
9. Herrick's *Hesperides*.
10. *The Tempest*.
11. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.
12. *As You Like It*.
13. *Romeo and Juliet*.
14. Montaigne's *Essays*.
15. Browne's *Religio Medici* and *Hydriothaphia*.
16. De Quincey's *Suspiria de Profundis*.
17. *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.
18. *Mill on the Floss*.
19. *Story of an African Farm*.
20. *A Summer in Arcady*. By James Lane Allen.

I should like to add half-a-dozen more of Shakespeare's plays, and a pocket volume of his Songs and Sonnets; Epictetus, Thomas à Kempis, three more novels by Hardy; Austin's *Garden that I Love*, and a couple more volumes of Swinburne's poems. The Bible I omit, as it may be found everywhere. The books in the above list of twenty I should take as far as possible in pocket editions, such as those of Messrs. Dent.—I am, &c.,

CECIL J. MEAD ALLEN.

"The Cedars," Exeter: Sept. 17.

SIR,—In the multitude of counsellors there is safety"; and now you have published the lists of twenty books to fill Corydon's holiday shelf compiled by diverse men of letters, there might be some small value in the ideas of the most insignificant of laymen, though I think we should bear in mind the fact that "most books belong to the house and street only, and in the fields their leaves feel very thin." I would suggest the following as the most satisfactory for him to have by him, even though he neglects them most of his time for the great book of Nature:

1. *Walden*. By H. D. Thoreau.
2. *A Week on the Concord*. By H. D. Thoreau.
3. *Essays*. By H. D. Thoreau.
4. *As You Like It*. By Shakespeare.
5. *The Tempest*. By Shakespeare.
6. *The Life of the Fields*. By R. Jefferies.
7. *The Light of Asia*. By Sir E. Arnold.
8. *The Compleat Angler*. By Izaak Walton.
9. *Virginibus Puerisque*. By R. L. Stevenson.
10. *Pictures in Prose*. By Trevor Battye.
11. *The Egoist*. By G. Meredith.
12. *Amelia*. By Fielding.
13. *The Rubáiyát of Omar Kháyyám*. By FitzGerald.
14. *The Anatomy of Melancholy*. By Burton (for the sake of the Introduction, why is it not published separately?).
15. *Tartarin de Tarascon*. By A. Daudet.
16. *The Natural History of Selborne*. By G. White.
17. *Sesame and Lilies*. By Ruskin.
18. *The Trumpet-Major*. By T. Hardy.
19. *Tristram Shandy*. By Sterne.
20. *The Vicar of Wakefield*. By O. Goldsmith.

I think, sir, that with the above twenty books Corydon could be hardly at a loss for reading to suit every mood and all weathers, though for myself the first four would content me for many months; and in Thoreau's writings I can find new truths whenever I take them up, and much humour withal.—I am, &c.,

"A MERE LAYMAN."

Northampton: Sept. 18.

P.S.—As one always wants to idealise the country of one's holidays, I cannot see how the "Local Paper" can serve.

SIR,—In your comment upon my letter relating to holiday reading, you strain my argument to the tension of breaking-point. I do not mean to suggest that the place in which an author writes his work, or lays his scenes, or makes his characters move and have their being, is the *only* place to read that work; but what I do affirm is, that it is the *best*. You may most certainly read Shakespeare and Tennyson, Wordsworth and Southey, Scott and Dickens, or any other of our gods of literature anywhere—

wherever you like—and enjoy them. But if you read them among the scenes where they wrote, or their creations of character lived, or that their pen pictures in the artistry and colouring of words, you will enjoy them all the more, and know them as they may be known. Let every man choose where he will read his authors. But let me read Southey's "How the Water Comes Down at Lodore" at Lodore; Wordsworth's "We Are Seven" in Grasmere Churchyard; "Lucy Gray" upon the wide moor, and "The Excursion" among the hills; Tennyson's "Brook" not far from Philip's Farm, and his "Enoch Arden" where the wind brings the smell of the salt North Sea; Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon" under the walls of Geneva, or by the Chateau of Chillon, and his "Childe Harold" on pilgrimage; Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith" by the old chestnut tree, and his "Evangeline" in New England; Bryant and Thoreau in the wilds of nature; Olive Schreiner's *Story of an African Farm* not far from the Cape; Thomas Hardy's *Tess* in Wessex; R. D. Blackmore's *Lorna Doone* in Devonshire; Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton* and Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's *That Lass o' Lowrie's* in Lancashire; Victor Hugo's *Toilers of the Sea* in the Channel Islands; Sir Walter Scott's *Fair Maid of Perth* in Perth, and so on ad infinitum.

When I say that the true artist draws colour into his blood, I mean that the scenes among which an author spends his life, and especially his childhood, are, so to say, absorbed by his being, and, as it were, photographed upon his brain. It was more than a figure of speech to say that Calais should be found written on the dead heart of a Queen. An author will do his best work among the scenes that he loves. And not only does the scenery have an effect upon the writer, but even the times and the season are not valueless. To illustrate this take Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. Any person reading it with understanding can tell that it was in process of writing during a series of years. The seasons are vocal in the words. Christmas comes round more than once, and you hear the wild bells ring out. Spring comes and rosy plumelets tuft the larch, where rarely sings the mounted thrush.

To say that there is no visible connexion between Stratford-on-Avon and most of Shakespeare's writings does not preclude a visible connexion between that place and at least some of his writings, and, indeed, there may be an invisible connexion between it and *all* his writings; for whatever may be said to the contrary, the place in which Shakespeare passed the early part of life, while the child was fathering the man; the place that he loved so much as to retire to it after the labours of life, when the man had, perhaps, begun to father the child, to die, must have exercised some magic over his pen, and been reflected, even if the reflection is unrecognised, in the mirror which he held up to Nature.

This, then, is the conclusion of my argument on holiday reading. If the place chosen for holiday is bound up in any way with any great book, be it by the associations of scene, character, or of the author himself, then read that particular book in

that particular place. A man's biography is best read where he has lived his life.—I am, &c.,

SWITHIN SAINT SWITHAINE.

[This correspondence must now cease. Corydon has returned to town browned by the sun. We gather that owing to the persistent fine weather he found the Book of Nature more attractive than his much-discussed bookcase. Faithless Corydon!]

THE PRINTER AS HUMORIST.

SIR,—Since the "new humour" shows a tendency to revert to what Mr. Andrew Lang calls the "old drivell," it is satisfactory to note that the printer, whom an American writer has justly described as the greatest humorist of the age, continues to maintain his reputation.

In the Drama article of the ACADEMY last week I described the action of "The Three Musketeers" as a fight between "fiends and demi-gods." The printer, with his customary felicity, changed "fiends" into "friends." Of course, it may be objected that this particular joke is not new. There is an old story as to a death announcement in the *Times* being followed by the line, "Fiends will please accept of this intimation." And not long ago a well-known baronet was stated in a fashionable column to have "gone shooting yesterday with a party of fiends."

Still, I am willing to believe that your printer, Sir, knew nothing of these antecedent witticisms, and that his stroke of humour was done, so to speak, off his own bat. *Les beaux esprits se rencontrent* sometimes—I am, &c.,

J. F. N.

FROM THE AUTHOR OF *BOYHOOD*!

SIR,—In justice I think you will allow me one word in reference to your reviewer's *fin de siècle* notice of my little book, *Boyhood*. His views of life and mine are so diametrically opposed that it is not the spirit of the notice at which I ask to cavil, but to point out what might almost be called a misstatement. He says: "When we say that the author tells us that association with boys has forced her to the conviction of the existence of a personal devil, we need say no more." The passages in my book to which he refers are these:

"I wish I could persuade my readers of the existence of a definite evil spirit, outside their own individualities, to the same extent that long association with boys has forced me to that conviction." . . . "If you could begin your dealings with your children on the assumption that there is a distinct evil influence (I always call it the devil) outside your boy's own character, which you and he have to combat together, you would, I know, find the whole matter much simpler."

—I am, &c.,

ENNIS RICHMOND.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, SEPT. 23.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

SIMPLE THOUGHTS FOR THE CHURCH'S SEASONS. By A. B. Tucker. With a Preface by the Rev. Montague Fowler, B.A. The Church Newspaper Co., Ltd. 2s.

CAMBRIDGE, AND OTHER SERMONS. By Fenton John Anthony Hort, D.D. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

JEWISH RELIGIOUS LIFE AFTER THE EXILE. By the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, D.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6s.

BIBLE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS. By Rev. G. M. Mackie, M.A. A. & C. Black. 1s. 6d.

DOCTRINE AND DEVELOPMENT: UNIVERSITY SERMONS. By Hastings Rashdall. Methuen & Co. 6s.

THE JEWISH YEAR: A COLLECTION OF DEVOTIONAL POEMS. Translated and composed by Alice Lucas. Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

DEMOCRACY AND SOCIAL GROWTH IN AMERICA: FOUR LECTURES. By Bernard Moses, Ph.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

HISTORY OF THE WORLD, FROM THE EARLIEST HISTORICAL TIME TO THE YEAR 1898. By Edgar Sanderson, M.A. Hutchinson & Co.

FASHION IN PARIS: THE VARIOUS PHASES OF FEMININE TASTE AND ÆSTHETICS FROM 1797 TO 1897. By Octave Uzanne. From the French, by Lady Mary Lloyd. William Heinemann. 36s.

THE PALMY DAYS OF NANCE OLDFIELD. By Edward Robins. Heinemann.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

BOSWELL'S JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES WITH SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D. 2 vols. Archibald Constable & Co.

CAPRICCIOS. By Louis J. Block. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s.

THE REFORMER OF GENEVA: AN HISTORICAL DRAMA. By Charles Woodruff Shields. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, BIOGRAPHICAL EDITION. Vol. VI.: CONTRIBUTIONS TO PUNCH. Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Edited from the Original Texts by H. Arthur Doubleday, with the Assistance of T. Gregory Foster and Robert Elson. Vol. IX. Archibald Constable & Co.

THE WHITEHALL SHAKESPEARE, VOL. IX.: TITUS ANDRONICUS, ROMEO AND JULIET, TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. Archibald Constable & Co. 5s.

ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN. Anon. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PICTURESQUE INDIA. By Sir Richard Temple. Chatto & Windus.

YESTERDAYS IN THE PHILIPPINES. By Joseph Earle Stevens. Sampson Low.

THE CITY OF THE CALIPHS: A POPULAR STUDY OF CAIRO AND ITS ENVIRONS AND THE NILE AND ITS ANTIQUITIES. By Eustace A. Reynolds-Ball. T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d.

GLIMPSES OF ENGLAND: SOCIAL, POLITICAL, LITERARY. By Moses Coit Tyler. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s.

KOREAN SKETCHES. By Rev. James S. Gale, B.A. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

NINE YEARS ON THE GOLD COAST. By the Rev. Dennis Kemp. Macmillan & Co.

NEW EDITIONS OF FICTION.

THE TALE OF CHLOE, AND OTHER STORIES. By George Meredith. Revised edition. Archibald Constable & Co. 6s.

A ROSE OF YESTERDAY. By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

THE "TEMPLE" WAVERLEY NOVELS: THE PIRATE. J. M. Dent & Co. 2 vols. 1s. 6d. each.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

BEYOND THE BORDER. By Walter Douglas Campbell. Archibald Constable & Co. 6s.

PAGES AND PICTURES FROM FORGOTTEN CHILDREN'S BOOKS. Edited by Andrew W. Tuer, F.S.A. The Leadenhall Press. 6s.

EDUCATIONAL.

SELECT TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. By Charles and Mary Lamb. With Introduction and Notes by David Frew, B.A. Blackie & Son. 1s. 6d.

THE OXFORD MANUALS OF ENGLISH HISTORY. No. III.: ENGLAND AND THE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR (1327-1485 A.D.). By C. W. C. Oman, M.A. Blackie & Son.

BATTLE-PIECES IN PROSE AND VERSE FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT. By J. Higham, M.A. A. & C. Black.

HEATH'S MODERN LANGUAGE SERIES: LE ROI DES MONTAGNES. Par Edmond About. With Introduction and Notes by Thomas Logie, Ph.D. Isbister & Co.

THE STEVENSON READER: SELECTED PASSAGES FROM THE WORKS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Edited by Lloyd Osbourne. Chatto & Windus.

ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE. By Lewes R. Crosskey. Blackie & Son.

THE "RALEIGH" HISTORY READERS: THE GROWTH OF GREATER BRITAIN: A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES. By F. B. Kirkman, B.A. Blackie & Son. 1s. 9d.

THE PIANIST'S MENTOR. By Henry Fisher, Mus. Doc. J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd.

MISCELLANEOUS.

METHODS OF INDUSTRIAL REMUNERATION. By David F. Schloss. Third edition, revised and enlarged. Williams & Norgate.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF GOVERNMENT. By George W. Walthew. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE STATE: ELEMENTS OF HISTORICAL AND PRACTICAL POLITICS. By Woodrow Wilson, Ph.D. Revised edition. D. C. Heath & Co.

INFINITESIMAL ANALYSIS. By William Benjamin Smith. Macmillan & Co. 14s.

THE AUTUMN SEASON.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

WE continue this week our selections from the Autumn Lists of various publishing firms. In most cases these lists are so long that we have been compelled to reduce them.

THE CLARENDON PRESS.

The announcements of the Clarendon Press are very numerous. We select the following:

THEOLOGICAL.

Codex Bezae Cantabrigiensis, a facsimile edition of the Greek and Latin MS. of the Four Gospels and Acts of the Apostles, preserved in the Cambridge University Library and generally known as Codex Bezae or Codex D.—*An Introduction to the Greek Old Testament*, for the use of students, by H. B. Swete, D.D.—*Origen's Hexapla*, part of Psalm xxii. (LXX. 21), from a Cairo Palimpsest, edited by C. Taylor, D.D.—*Midrash Haggadol*, edited from several Yemen MSS., with introduction, commentary, and notes, by S. Schechter, M.A.—*The Story of Ahikar and his Nephew Nadab*, a lost Apocryphon of the Old Testament (see Tobit xiv. 10), the Syriac and Carshuni texts edited with a translation into English by Agnes S. Lewis and J. Rendel Harris.—*The Wisdom of Ben Sira*, newly discovered portions of the original Hebrew of Ecclesiasticus, edited by S. Schechter, M.A., and C. Taylor, D.D.—*The Homeric Centones and the Acts of Pilate*, by J. Rendel Harris, M.A.—*Notes on New Testament Translation*, being *Optim Norvicense*, Part III., with additions by the late Dr. Field, edited by the Rev. A. M. Knight, M.A.—*The Use of Sarum*: I. The Sarum customs as set forth in the Consuetudinary and Customary, edited by the Rev. W. H. Frere, M.A.

CLASSICAL.

Aristophanes: *Equites*, with introduction and notes by R. A. Neil, M.A.—Bacchylides: *The new Poems and Fragments*, a revised text, with introduction, critical notes, and commentary, by R. C. Jebb, Litt.D.—Herondas: *The Mimes*, the text edited with a commentary by Walter Headlam, M.A.—*Two Greek Grammars of the Thirteenth Century*, now first edited, with introduction and notes, by the Rev. Edmond Nolan.—Sophocles: *The Plays and Fragments*, with critical notes, commentary, and translation in English prose, by R. C. Jebb, Litt.D., Part VIII., The Fragments.—*An Introduction to Greek Epigraphy*, Vol. II., the Inscriptions of Attica and Peloponnesus, edited for the Syndics of the University Press by E. S. Roberts, M.A., and E. A. Gardner, M.A.—*The Early Age of Greece*, by William Ridgeway, M.A.—*Demonstrations in Greek Verse Composition*, by W. H. D. Rouse, M.A.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Biographical History of Gonville and Caius College, 1349—1897, containing a list of all known members of the College from the

foundation to the present time, with biographical notes, Vol. II., compiled by John Venn, Sc.D., F.R.S.—Russian Reader: *Lermontof's Modern Hero*, with English translation and biographical introduction, by Ivan Nestor Schnurmann.—*The Triumphs of Turlogh*, edited with translation, glossary, and appendices, by Standish Hayes O'Grady, Hon. Litt.D.—*Thesaurus Palaeohibernicus*: a collection of the oldest monuments of the Gaelic language, edited, with translation, notes, and a glossary, by Whitley Stokes, D.C.L., and John Strachan, M.A.—*An Elementary Old English Reader*, by A. J. Wyatt, M.A.—*An Old English Anthology*, by A. J. Wyatt, M.A.—*Catalogue of the Greek Manuscripts on Mount Athos*, edited for the Syndics of the University Press by Spyr P. Lambros.—*A Descriptive Catalogue of the Manuscripts in the Library of St. Peter's College, Cambridge*, by M. R. James, Litt.D.—*The Catalogue of the Library at Sion Monastery*, edited from the MS. at Corpus Christi College, by Mary Bateson.—*A Catalogue of Mohammedan MSS. in the University Library*, edited by E. G. Browne, M.A., M.B.—*Life and Remains of the Rev. R. H. Quick*, edited by F. Storr, M.A.—*The Extinction of the Christian Churches in North Africa*, Hulsean Prize Essay, 1895, by L. R. Holme, B.A.—*The Teaching of Modern Languages*, by K. H. Breul, Litt.D.

The foregoing lists contain only a fraction of the announcements of the Clarendon Press for this autumn. Mathematical and Scientific works, and books dealing with Law, History, and Economics, are strongly represented; while the various series of educational books are to receive many additional volumes.

HUTCHINSON & CO.

Among Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.'s announcements for the Autumn may be mentioned a new work on Japan, by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, entitled *A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan*, in 2 vols., with about 250 illustrations.—*Disciples of Asculapius*: Biographies of the Leaders of Medicine, by the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, in 2 vols.—*Fields, Factories, and Workshops*, by Prince Kropotkin.—*The Human Race*: a History of the Races of Mankind, by the Rev. Henry N. Hutchinson, B.A., with 600 illustrations.—*The Virgin Saints and Martyrs*, by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould.—*Kings of the Hunting Field*: Memoirs and Anecdotes of Distinguished Masters of Hounds, and other Celebrities of the Chase, with Histories of Famous Packs, and Hunting Traditions of Great Houses, by "Thormanby," with 32 portraits.—*Six Royal Ladies of the House of Hanover*, by Miss Sarah Tytler, with portraits.—*Nelson's Friendships*, by the late Mrs. Hilda Gamlin, in 2 vols., with about 60 illustrations.—*The Gambling World*: Anecdotic Memories and Stories of Personal Experience in the Temples of Hazard and Speculation, by "Rouge et Noir."—*The Emperor of Germany at Home*, by M. Maurice Leudet, translated by Miss Virginia Taylor.—*The Adventures of a French Sergeant* during his campaigns in Italy, Spain, Germany, Russia, &c., from 1805 to 1823, written by himself.—A new volume of the "Concise Knowledge Library": *A History of the World*

from the Earliest Historical Time to the Present Year, 1898, by the Rev. Edgar Sanderson, M.A.—*The American Navy: Its Ships and their Achievements*, by Mr. Charles Morris.—A new volume by "A Son of the Marshes": *Drift from Longshore*, edited by J. A. Owen, with a frontispiece by Mr. A. Thorburn.—*Famous Ladies of the English Court*, by Mrs. Aubrey Richardson.—*The American War with Spain*, by Mr. Charles Morris.—*The Housewife's Referee*, by Mrs. H. de Salis.—*What Dress Makes of Us*, by Dorothy Quigley, with over 100 illustrations by Annie Blakeslee.—*An Introduction to Stellar Astronomy*, by Mr. W. H. S. Monck, M.A., F.R.A.S.

FICTION.

The Fatal Gift, by Mr. Frank Frankfort Moore, with full-page illustrations by Mr. Robert Sauber.—*Mollie's Prince*, by Miss Rosa N. Carey.—*A Son of Empire*, by Mr. Morley Roberts.—*Petticoat Loose*, by "Rita."—*An Honourable Estate*, by Miss Ella MacMahon.—*The Silver Cross*: a Historical Romance, by Dr. S. R. Keightly.—*Samuel Boyd, of Catchpole-square*: a Mystery, by Mr. B. L. Farjeon.—*A Queen of Atlantis*, by Mr. Frank Aubrey.—*In the Shadow of the Three*, by Miss Blanche Loftus Tottenham.—*The Guardians of Panzy*, by Mr. Dolf Wyllarde.—*Only Flesh and Blood*, by the Author of *Hernani the Jew*.—*Not Yet*, by Miss Annie S. Swan.—*In the Tsar's Dominions*, by "Le Voleur," illustrated; and *The Trials of Mercy*, by Mrs. S. Darling Barker.

GIFT BOOKS.

Three new volumes of the "Fifty-two Library," edited by Mr. Alfred H. Miles: *Fifty-two Holiday Stories for Boys*, by Messrs. G. A. Henty, George Manville Fenn, Coulson Kernahan, &c.; *Fifty-two Holiday Stories for Girls*, by Mrs. L. T. Meade, Miss Sarah Doudney, &c.; *Fifty-two Sunday Stories*, by Miss Marie Corelli, Miss Sarah Doudney, Miss Mary E. Wilkins, &c.; all these with illustrations.—*May Malmesbury's Doubts*, by Miss Grace Stebbing, illustrated. Two new volumes of a new series of stories, edited by Mr. Alfred H. Miles: *With Fifo and Drum*: True Stories of Military Life and Adventure in Camp and Field; and *Log Leaves and Sailing Orders*: True Stories of Naval Life Ashore and Afloat, both illustrated.

CHEAP EDITIONS.

The Life of Joseph Arch, edited by the Countess of Warwick. *Poets and Poetry of the Century*, revised; and a new magazine for young gentlewomen, entitled the *Girl's Realm*.

PUTNAM'S SONS.

Messrs. Putnam's Sons' Autumn List contains the following among other announcements:

Jewish Religious Life after the Exile, by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, M.A., D.D., Oriel Professor of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture in the University of Oxford, and formerly Fellow of Balliol College; Canon of Rochester.—*The Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U.S.A.*, in the Rocky Mountains and the Far West, digested from his

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